

ELLEN GRAHAM.

A STORY OF PAST TIMES.

It was a bleak evening in November ; a deep veil of darkness was resting on the earth, except when the moon, struggling through the clouds, threw a faint light on the wild forests, and dark rivers of the New World. No star was visible in the heavens, and no alternative was left to the benighted traveller, but to make his pillow of the dry leaves of autumn, and pass the dreary night in these thick, desolate woods.

Suddenly the moon emerged from a dense mass of clouds, and the dark forests and winding rivers were illuminated with its pure and mellow light. In a few moments it was again darkness ; but the momentary flash had revealed that the howling wolves were not the only living things unsheltered from the coming storm.

Near a boat, which lay anchored in a small cove, stood a man, his form and features entirely concealed by his cloak. He seemed rather below than above the common size ; and there was something of pride, in the tone with which he replied to the question of a person by his side, who seemed, from his dress, ' one of the sons of the forest : ' ' The blasts of the storm are even now wailing in the air, and think you to cross the Saco ? '

' Let the storm come,' answered the other, impatiently. ' I have business that will not brook delay. I *must* cross the Saco to-night.'

The Indian slowly and reluctantly loosed the cable, which held the canoe. At this moment a still darker cloud covered the moon, and the white foam of the waves could no longer be distinguished from the blackness of the surrounding forests.

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On the morning of the following day, the sun rose in unclouded splendor. The storm had passed, and although the vallies of Maine were flooded, and the streams swelled to torrents, a deeper and fresher green was given to the foliage, and the trees

seemed sprinkled with glittering diamonds. The canoe had crossed the river safely, and, leaving the Indian to watch, the man entered the door of a small temporary hut, erected in the forest. He hastily looked around, to see if the one whom he sought was there ; and, hearing his name called, he advanced to the centre of the hut, where was seated Pierre de Montmorenci. All of his history, that is necessary to be told, is this :— He was an ambitious Frenchman, who had come to America with the design of ingratiating himself in the favor of the Indians.

A long conversation ensued, which was entirely in French ; but by the affected humility, and cringing servility of the man, he could be easily recognized, as one of the many adventurers who had attended Pierre de Montmorenci to America, and were contented to seek their own aggrandizement, in the furtherance of his ambitious views.

After a long consultation, the man whom we shall call George de Castres, exclaimed, ‘ It shall be done,’ and immediately left the cottage. He soon reappeared richly dressed, and the faultless proportions of his form fully displayed. But there was an expression of cunning in his small dark eye, and of contempt about his mouth, that gave him a strangely repelling look. Notwithstanding this he was handsome, very handsome, elegant in form, and with all the grace of a Frenchman.

Pierre de Montmorenci smiled, and after giving him some directions, respecting his crossing the small rivers, which were now swelled by the late storm, he relapsed into his former silence.

The day had passed, and the darkness of night was gradually closing around him, when suddenly he started from his seat, and, carefully bolting the door and window of the hut, placed himself in the attitude of listening. There was nothing moving in the forest ; not a leaf was stirring, and the distant sounds of the waves of the Saco, alone broke the stillness of the night. Apparently satisfied, he sat down ; but in a few moments he again started, and listened anxiously. His fears were soon verified, for a low, crackling, and rustling sound was heard near the hut. Immediately the voices of men were heard, apparently in consultation, and then steps advanced to the door.

A small closet, of no more than two feet in width, ran paral-

lel to the hut ; this was intended partly as a room for lumber, partly as a hiding-place, in case of any sudden attack ; for Pierre de Montmorenci, though by no means timid, was too fond of life, to neglect anything which would secure his safety. Into this closet he hastily entered, by sliding a small board, which, when shut, appeared like a part of the wall. Hardly had he closed the aperture, when the door was burst open, and, as he judged by the sound, ten or twelve men entered the hut. Their disappointment at finding it empty, was shown by their impatient steps, and exclamations. After a long search, they kindled a fire, and, seating themselves around it, were apparently engaged in anxious conversation. Pierre de Montmorenci listened, but the intruders seemed aware that the forest was filled with his spies, and with the Indians, whom his marriage with one of their tribe had rendered his friends : no word was uttered loud enough for even his quick ears to catch.

The night had almost passed in this state of suspense, when suddenly the men started up. Hoping that they were now departing, their prisoner ventured to raise the board slightly. But by the bright blaze of the fire, he saw that they were all standing in one part of the room, where their figures were almost concealed by the darkness. The reason of this was soon apparent, for in a moment the door was opened, and George de Castres entered. Astonished at not seeing his master, he cast a hasty glance about the room, but, dazzled by the glare of the fire, he did not perceive the men. Reopening the door, he bade two Indians, who were waiting near, to enter. They obeyed, and led, or rather forced a female into the room. Half fainting, she was sinking to the ground, when some one exclaimed, ' Ellen ! ' and two persons sprang forward. Giving one whoop, the Indians started up and grappled with the men. George de Castres, after a moment of stupefaction, endeavored to escape, but the rest of the party now joined, and in a few moments the Indians had received their death-wound, and George de Castres was lying bound, on the floor.

' Ellen, dear, *dear* Ellen,' exclaimed one, who had shown himself both strong and brave during the contest, ' Ellen, it is Henry ; ' but she answered not, and as he raised her from the floor, her head sank listlessly on his shoulders, and her raven hair fell to the ground. In a moment the whole party were

crowding around her, and in a short time she recovered, to find herself in the arms of the one she loved, and her hand pressed in that of her brother, who, having received several wounds in the fight, had hardly strength to call her name.

‘What is all this?’ she exclaimed, as she started up—‘Where am I?’ Then half recollecting herself, she glanced wildly in the faces of the gentleman who had rescued her. Seeing her brother, pale from loss of blood, she said, ‘They told me you were sick, and I was coming to you, and my father too; where is he?’ Her brother bade her be calm, and inform him by what means, she had been brought there, and that they would endeavor to unravel the secret. To all this, Pierre de Montmorenci, confined in his narrow cell, was a witness; knowing that to betray himself would be the immediate cause of his death, and seeing through the narrow crevice, all his plans frustrated, and his treachery about to be discovered, his heart sank within him; he clenched his hands, and could hardly restrain himself from breaking from his confinement, to vent his anger on George de Castres, who had thus defeated his most cherished purposes.

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We must now return to the time when George de Castres left Pierre de Montmorenci, on his errand. Enveloping himself in an ample cloak, he travelled the remainder of the morning through the intricate mazes of the forest. About two o'clock in the afternoon he reached the outskirts of the forest, and saw before him the then small town of Portland. Here he remained, apparently waiting for some one. Soon a small party of Indians approached; one of them advanced, and after saluting him, in a mixture of French and Indian, and a short consultation, bade the rest to enter the forest, while he remained on the borders. George, leaving them, proceeded to the town, and, after passing through several streets, at length stopped before a large, and, for that day, elegant mansion. He rang the bell, and a servant opened the door, and ushered him into a parlor furnished with taste and elegance. Near the fire-place was standing a man about fifty years of age. Tall and commanding in stature, with raven black hair, and eyes, and Roman profile, he was the very counterpart of the female, who was seated beside him, except that in her features the sternness was

softened, and a more delicate color was mantling in her cheeks, and sparkling in her eye. She arose at his entrance, and with a smile bade him welcome. She then introduced him to her father, as a friend of Henry Ilvaine.

Did I never mention to you, father, the French gentleman, who, about a month since, during your absence, enlivened the dull silence of Graham house with his flute ?

‘ I recollect it now, my daughter, and I give him a hearty welcome.’

A long conversation ensued : at length the stranger said, ‘ My reason for thus intruding upon you, should have been disclosed at first. Mr. Graham, was not your son, Horace, lately sent with a small band against some Indians, from whom we have received an injury ? ’

‘ Do you know any thing of him, and of Henry Ilvaine ? ’ exclaimed Ellen, almost involuntarily, and her cheek was crimsoned with a deep blush.

‘ I am sorry to inform you that your brother is wounded, but not dangerously. He is now at a small inn, not far from town, and the physician thinks it better that he should not be removed. He is very anxious to see his father and sister, and I am come to offer my services in attending you there.’ Then turning to Ellen, he added, ‘ I believe that Mr. Ilvaine is with him.’

The flush again rose to her cheek, but with a lightened heart she thanked him for his kindness, saying, that as but slight preparations were necessary, she would detain him only a short time.

It was about twilight when they reached the suburbs of the city. They were about a mile distant from the inn when George informed them that they must descend, as they were near the banks of a stream which was to be crossed by a ferry. They did so, and in a moment found themselves in the hands of Indians. The father was conveyed back to Portland, whilst Ellen, fainting, was borne through the forest. It was almost morning, when George bade the Indians rest a moment. Ellen had hardly recovered her senses, when she was again seized and conveyed, by the Indians, into a small hovel. Here she was aroused from her lethargy, by the voices of friends, and, relieved from all fear, she soon recovered herself sufficiently to relate the strange events which we have recorded.

As soon as she had finished, Horace Graham, and Henry Ilvaine rushed to the place where George de Castres lay bound, and threatened him with immediate death, if he did not reveal the reason of his base conduct. Terrified by their menaces, he disclosed a plot so full of perfidy that they could hardly restrain themselves from satiating their anger on him. It was this:—Pierre de Montmorenci was desirous of securing the friendship of an Indian chief, who, though neither very brave or powerful, possessed large tracts of land in the northwestern part of Maine. The chief promised a large and valuable portion to the Baron, on condition that, besides a large quantity of *rum*, he would procure for him a wife, from among the white squaws. The taste of the fastidious Indian, would, probably, have been satisfied with one less beautiful and delicate than Ellen Graham, but Pierre de Montmorenci, in thus disposing of her, gratified a long-cherished hatred against her father. Some of the measures which Baron Castine took to ingratiate himself into the favor of the Indians, were so obviously opposed to the safety of the French residents, on the border of Maine, that several attempts were made to seize him and his companions, and among the foremost was John Graham, the father of our heroine. He was possessed of great influence in Portland, and by his active exertions, the bold plots of Pierre de Montmorenci were often discovered and frustrated. This roused his anger, and he determined to take a deep revenge on his enemy. Seizing on the Indian chief, he directed George de Castres to take lodgings in a hotel, near Graham house, and, if possible, introduce himself to the good grace of Ellen, and her father John. He succeeded in forming an acquaintance with Henry Ilvaine, and, as his friend, was kindly received, and politely entertained by those whose ruin he was so basely plotting. Having fabricated a story to deceive them, he conducted them, as we have already related, into the hands of the Indians. Mr. Graham was conveyed back to Portland, by some Indians, who were ordered not to release him till the dawn of day, when George thought that they would be far away in the forests of Maine, where, in their hiding places, they might safely await the search which they knew would follow.

When he had finished his recital, Ellen exclaimed, ‘My

‘dear, dear father ! it will kill him : let us hasten our return.’ Her brother endeavored to calm her, and after a few moments’ consultation, they decided that as day was beginning to dawn, they would return to Portland with all the speed of which they were capable, leaving two men to keep guard over George de Castres, until they should return with a larger party, and, unincumbered with a helpless female, endeavor to discover the haunts of Pierre de Montmorenci.

According to this determination, they all left the hut, excepting the guards, who, freeing, in some measure, the bonds of their prisoner, left him the use of his hands. Pierre de Montmorenci’s heart beat high as he saw them prepare to depart, but when he saw the two muscular men, who still remained, he knew that there was no more hope for him, unless he could find some means of escaping from his confinement without their knowledge.

The narrow closet in which he was enclosed, was separated from the forest only by thin boards, loosely fastened together. Selecting the loosest, with one vigorous stroke he tore it from its foundations, and found himself freed. He had been celebrated for his swiftness in running, and he soon distanced his pursuer, one of the guard, who, on hearing the noise made by Pierre de Montmorenci, when escaping, had started in search of him. Almost exhausted, he at length reached the cave where his followers were concealed. Without delaying a moment to refresh himself, he called one of his soldiers, and gave him directions to take twenty of his band, and one Indian, to serve as a guide, and set out in immediate pursuit of the party, who were by this time, almost at Portland.

‘If you do not overtake them, post your men at the entrance of the wood, and watch near Portland ; if you see any commotion in the town, endeavor to discover whether any soldiers will be sent against us. If there are, return immediately, and we must take some other measures to insure our safety.’ He obeyed—a party was soon formed, and they hastily brushed through the tangled under-wood of the forest. When they reached the hut, the commander of the little troop silently advanced to the window, and saw that there was but one man with George de Castres. The party advanced, and rushed together upon them. George willingly yielded, hoping that the anger of

his master would soon abate ; and the guard, so unexpectedly attacked, was soon bound, although not until after many struggles. They then turned towards Portland, and, after a wearisome march, they perceived the party, of which they were in search. Moving silently along in a single file, when the leader was about two yards distant from the party, they sprang upon them. The small party, after a moment's lethargy, returned bravely the attack, and, for a short time, almost turned the scale. But the greater numbers of their assailants, and the superiority of their arms, began to prevail : some had fallen, and Horace Graham was surrounded, when suddenly a shout burst on their ears, and a large body of men, from the direction of Portland, rushed between the assailants and their weakened opposers, and, after a long and bloody contest, but one Indian was left unhurt. The victorious party commanded him to lead them to the hiding-place of Pierre de Montmorenci, threatening him with instant death, if he did not obey. He at first pretended that he did not understand English, but when Henry Ilvaine repeated the command in French, he sullenly led them forward.

After a wearisome march, he at last stopped at the foot of a small hill, thickly covered with brushwood, and pointed to a small clump of bushes, through which projected a rock, seeming every moment ready to fall. They pushed aside the bushes, and saw nothing but the naked rock. To all their menaces the captive Frenchman remained doggedly silent, hoping that Pierre, hearing the noise, would attempt his rescue. But on examining the rock more closely, part of it was found to be separate from the rest, and easily moved. On pushing this aside, they discovered the entrance to the cave. Here the Baron stood prepared for a resolute defence. But resistance was in vain.

In a few moments the small remnant of his soldiers were either killed or captured. He, too, was taken, after a fierce struggle, and then they turned their steps towards Portland. They entered the town, and, accompanied by the welcoming shouts of the populace, captors and captives moved slowly through the town ; and Ellen, rescued from so many dangers, joyfully returned to that safe haven, home.

Some time after this, the same day that saw Pierre de Montmorenci, and his associates, far away on the blue sea, exiles from their country, saw their fancied victim the fair and happy bride of Henry Ilvaine. H.

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ELLEN MAY.

Every one who has passed through the quiet village, which was Ellen's home, will recognise, in my descriptions, its prominent features. The lofty mountain, leaned, and smoothed down its northern declivity, by an immense slide of trees, earth and stones, which happened there a few years since; the broad, rapid river, crossing the town diagonally, from west to east; the towering ridge of freestone, which extends along its southern border, and the long range of white-washed cottages, which skirts the northern—interrupted, now and then, by a stately, baronial-looking mansion, shut in by heavy elms, or branching oaks.

One of these castles belonged to Ellen's parents. It was elegant, and aristocratic in appearance, as were its occupants in character. The long avenue which conducted to it, was closely shaded by large trees, and the porch was supported by doric columns, which, in summer, were buried with flowering honeyuckles, of most luxuriant growth.

Ellen was the youngest, and only surviving, of four daughters. She grew up like a beautiful flower, within the shadow of those ancient trees—as sweet and artless a creature, as the heart could imagine. Her parents had wealth, education, and good taste. They gave to their little daughter every advantage which could be procured for her; and, with her books, drawing, music, and visiting the poor with her mother, her time passed swiftly and happily away, until the death of that kind parent—the first affliction which dimmed her blue eyes with tears. How dark a cloud is that which death draws over the little circle of a retired family!

Ellen had a cousin, three years older than herself—George Granville May. He was an orphan, and poor. Through the generosity of her father, he was receiving his education, at the college, in an adjoining town. He came home to attend the death-bed of his aunt—to follow her to the grave—and to mingle his tears, with those of the beloved friends she had left. On the night before he returned to his college, he walked with Ellen beside

the river. They talked of their departed friend, and repeated her dying admonition to them, resolving that her God should be their God, and that while they lived, they would confide in her Savior, and follow his example. A resolution which secured to them a consolation in the troubles, which afterwards darkened their lives for a time.

‘Do not be making yourself unhappy, Ellen,’ said George, anxiously, as he was leaving her, ‘I will spend all my sabbaths with you now, as my uncle has requested me to do, and perhaps, by and by, I may bring my friend, Harry March, with me, if your father is willing. He is, I think, decidedly the first scholar in our class, though he is usually called the second.’ This was true, for George was the first—‘He has lost his mother too, though it was some time since, but he looks at her picture every day, and never ceases to mourn for her.’

‘As I shall never cease to mourn for mine,’ said Ellen.

HARRY MARCH.

This young scholar, the son of an exceedingly plain, and almost illiterate man, an honest, hard-working tailor, was a tall, princely-looking youth, with a high, open brow, and a clear black eye, from the refulgence of which, one would almost shrink. His intellectual powers were such, as to bring him into notice, directly after his admission to the college; and his manly and generous temper, secured for him the good opinion which his personal advantages had gained.

‘You shall have the best learning that money can give you, Harry,’ said his kind father; ‘but after you’ve gained it, you must come back and take up my trade, for I am convinced that its one of the best in the world.’

‘But, father,’ cried Harry, earnestly, ‘I would very much rather be a lawyer, like William Bacon’s father. It’s very respectable, and—’

‘And so,’ replied his father, ‘is tailoring respectable, if it is honestly and faithfully done; and it is a business more to be depended on than the law. If times are hard, people will do without law, or with a very little, but they must have clothes, at all times. I’ll not stand,’ added he, observing Harry’s look of disappointment, and mortification, ‘I’ll not stand about your working with your own fingers, as I have done, seeing you have been so differently educated; but you must over-

see the whole establishment, and that will take up all your time, for it's getting pretty large already, quite too large for me ; for I find I am getting old, and losing my strength—I want a younger and stronger arm to help me.'

These last words melted down Harry's opposition to his father's will. The tears started as he gazed for a moment on his wrinkled forehead, and, grasping his hard hand, he promised to fulfil his wishes implicitly. The old man was satisfied, and in the happiness of a light conscience, Harry forgot his wounded pride. 'If,' said he, mentally, 'I can perform my duty to my father, and render him happy—if I can rise above my classmates at college, and bear away the first honors—if I can establish a character for intelligence and honorable conduct, I will not care if I am a tinker. In a republican country, at least, every honest employment must be respectable.'

With such reflections, Harry left his home for the distant town where his education was to be completed. He entered upon his studies with the determination that no one should rise above him, in the scale of merit. Every morning sun found him up and prepared to commence his lessons ; and every evening, as it faded into night, left him still lingering with his books. The result of his diligent habits was, that he succeeded in rendering himself distinguished, but not in gaining the first honors. There was one boy, two years younger than himself, whose progress he could not, by any means, equal. All the residue of his class were far behind him.

The first impulse of Harry's heart was, to regard haughtily, and enviously, the one whose brilliant powers of mind so far eclipsed his own ; and when he found his most diligent efforts all ineffectual to place him highest, he felt, for the time, that he could not submit to such a thing. He had never dreamed of a disappointment. True, he was the acknowledged second in the class, far beyond his class-mates, and but little inferior to the first. Yet still, his proud hopes had not been realized. 'I am to be a tailor,' said he, 'and I shall need this consolation, that I have been the first scholar in my class.' When, however, he learned that George May was an orphan, destitute of all, but a noble heart and a brilliant name, his proud feelings gave way, and he extended to him frankly, 'the generous hand of friendship,' no longer envying the grand eminence he had at-

tained, but rejoicing in all the praise which was bestowed on him, more than if he himself had received it.

THE INTRODUCTION.

It was in his junior year that George May presented his friend to his beautiful cousin. Ellen was now fifteen—George had loved her tenderly, from his childhood, and whenever the idea of *wife* had crossed his boyish fancy, his thoughts had immediately reverted to her, as the only one, who could, by any possibility, in future time receive that title from him. She loved him too, as he was very well aware, and he never dreamed that she could love another better. He had never known a rival, and never expected to find one. He knew that he was poor, but Ellen cared nothing for wealth. He was tall and handsome, with dark blue eyes, shaded by heavy lashes, and soft chesnut hair, like his cousin's, curling naturally, as did hers. His manners were frank and independent, and he was the first scholar in his class—what had he to fear from a rival?

Ellen had never talked or thought much of matrimony. She had read very few novels. She still considered herself as a child, simply supposing that whenever she grew up, she would, perhaps, have a wedding, and a new house, as others did. She had never seen a wedding, but had heard one described, and knew that it differs from a funeral in these respects, that they wear white instead of black, and that there is no dead person present. She loved her cousin dearly, and thought him very obliging to bring his friend to visit her, as she had seen very few young people, having rarely been out of her parents' sight. She had learned every thing from ladies, and never had a master in her life. She was not acquainted with any young gentleman, excepting her cousin George, and two of their neighbor's sons, whom she disliked for the roughness of their manners. So George stood alone in his cousin's affections, until he brought his handsome friend to see her.

Harry and George arrived sooner than they were expected, and the latter forgot to rap as he might have done when he came with a stranger. Ellen was singing a sad air for her father, to the accompaniment of her piano. Her father arose and received the young gentleman with stately courtesy; but his daughter, quite abashed by the piercing eye and martial whiskers of the stranger, forgot that any thing was required of her.

self, and retreated to the farther side of the piano, never venturing to lift her eyes when the gentleman was presented to her, but only dropping a slight courtesy, and saying never a word.

She did not find courage to say any thing, except in answer to direct questions, that evening. She, however, played to him with quivering fingers, and sung with a trembling voice. At George's request, she showed him her drawings, and her sketches of the beautiful scenery of her native village; and though she was too bashful to say one word, Harry left her with the impression, as he afterwards told George, that she was the loveliest and most intellectual little creature he ever had seen.

'And how do you like my friend, Ellen?' said George, the next time they met.

'Oh, I do not know, I was so afraid of him. He is very splendid, I am sure—but I do not know whether I like him much.'

'You will like him,' returned George, 'when you find how good and generous he is—and such a magnificent scholar too—I can assure you, he is the admiration of all his acquaintance.'

'Perhaps I shall like him,' said Ellen, carelessly; 'indeed I do a little now, but he looks so fierce in his whiskers, that I do not dare to speak to him.'

'Those whiskers are very much admired,' said George, 'I wish I had them.'

'They are not half so pretty as pussy's,' said Ellen, affectionately caressing the cat, who looked up gratefully in her face, as if she fully appreciated the compliment.

THE TRIAL OF FRIENDSHIP.

The next time George brought his friend home with him, was on a beautiful autumn evening. The summer heats were passed, and the winter chills not yet come. The air was mild and serene. They went out upon the river, and while the full moon looked brightly down upon them, they gave their little bark to the current, and Ellen lent her sweet voice to the accompaniment of Harry's flute and George's violin. It was an hour of romance—of magical sweetness: oh how few such hours diversify the landscape of life.

When the strain had passed, all joined in speaking of the beauty of the night, and the delightful effect of the reverberation from the heavy woods which overhung the river. Ellen,

only, was silent—not wholly as before, from bashfulness, but from a new and deep admiration of the princely creature who sat before her—one more beautiful in person, and more elegant in manners, than she had ever seen, or even imagined. Harry had always attended the best schools, where his superb exterior had brought him into notice ; his manly and generous temper, had gained him esteem, and his brilliant talents commanded the homage of his class-mates. George had always been sensible of his friend's advantages, both natural and acquired ; but feeling himself in every respect his equal, if not his superior, he never even dreamed that he might supplant him in the affections of his dearest object on earth.

He had been engaged in a conversation with his uncle and Harry, when his eye suddenly rested on Ellen, and he caught the expression of her countenance—an expression as beautiful and animated, as it was new. She was looking at Harry, and, judging from her face alone, one would have thought she was gazing at an angel. George looked at her with wonder—‘ How beautiful she is, to-night,’ thought he—‘ and she begins to appreciate my friend.’ Suddenly the idea crossed his mind—‘ What if she should finally prefer him to me ? ’—It came with a chill to his heart. He rubbed his hand violently across his brow, to repel the thought of jealousy, which, however, returned again, when he saw Ellen's lighted eye still fixed on his friend ; and, following it to its object, he wondered not that she should be attracted by one so different from all she had ever seen.

‘ I will not bring him here so often,’ thought he ; ‘ I cannot afford to lose the loveliest and sweetest of earthly treasures. I have been very foolish—I have trusted too, to my powers of pleasing—I will not ask him here so often.’

His precaution came too late. Mr. May shook hands with Harry, at parting, and cordially invited him to visit at his house as often as he could make it pleasant to himself, which offer Harry very gratefully accepted, saying that he was so far from all his friends, that he would value highly the privilege of visiting him.

From this time, Harry was a constant guest at Mr. May's, and George had the mortification to perceive, that, as Ellen's diffidence wore away, she became exceedingly frank, and even affectionate towards his friend. He, from the commencement

of their acquaintance, had been delighted with her ; and she, now, seemed fully to reciprocate his kind regards. The blush deepened on her cheek when he came, and the tear started in her eye whenever he went away. 'She never loved me so,' thought George. Her manner towards him was unchanged, and her feelings were the same, for she knew not how to dissemble; but her heart was given to his friend.

It is probable that if she had not seen Harry so soon, she would, in time, have become entirely attached to George, who was, in every respect, as noble in mind and person as Harry. She had always seen him, always loved him, and believed him the finest boy she had ever seen. She would, eventually, have loved him with all her heart, and then she would not have been attracted by a beautiful stranger : but George introduced his friend too soon. He had not secured her affections, and they were taken by surprise. It was now too late to be taking precautions against the robber. The jewel was gone.

George could not quarrel with his friend, for he knew that Harry was as ignorant of his attachment to Ellen, as was she herself. There was no one to blame, and no cause for complaint, even if his proud heart could have stooped to such a thing. But his fate was sealed—his earthly treasure lost : what availed it to him that he was the pride and envy of his class ? The one, for whose sake he had given his days and nights to laborious study—to gain whose affections, he had diligently sought, by all possible efforts to render himself good and estimable, was the prize of his favored inferior. His heart rebelled against his stern destiny, and the despair which leads to sin and degradation was gathering over his spirit. Here it was, in the crisis of his fate, that religious principles came to his aid, and saved him. 'I can never be happy in this world,' said he, 'but I will be honorable, good, and useful. I will seek the happiness of all within the sphere of my influence. I shall always be sad, but I will not be misanthropic. This attachment, so fatal to my peace, I cannot break ; but I will see that the two noble beings, which it binds together, be not, in any way which I can prevent, grieved or crossed.'

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Time passed. The senior year was completed, and, before departing to his distant home, Harry came to solicit of Mr.

May, the hand of his daughter. Mr. May received the proposal with great kindness, and told the young man he should be proud of an alliance with him. Suddenly Harry retreated a few steps, while the blood rushed to his brow. He knew that the gentleman was excessively aristocratic in his notions, and had an anti-republican horror of all mechanical employments. He felt that the time was now arrived when he must tell him of his destination in life—of which he had never yet prevailed on himself to inform him; but his lips trembled and he could not speak. Mr. May was astonished at his emotion, and inquired the cause of it. With a strong effort, Harry brought himself to tell him that he must now quit his studies, and enter upon an employment which was not altogether to his taste and wishes. It was his father's will.

Mr. May was startled: he hesitated a few moments, and then said, with considerable emphasis, 'Your father must be persuaded, and you shall study the law with me.'

'It was my very request to my father,' replied Harry, 'that I might study the law; but his heart is set upon my following his trade. He is an old man, and in infirm health. He is a kind father, and thinks it is best for me. Should I refuse to fulfil his wishes, it would break his heart, and I should follow his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

Mr. May looked earnestly at him: he saw that he was determined; and, turning silently away, he walked the room in great and evident perplexity of mind; then suddenly returning to Harry, and taking his hand respectfully—'You are a brave and noble spirited young man,' said he, and I shall always be proud of your friendship, in whatever situation your sense of duty may lead you to place yourself—but,'—here he hesitated, and averted his face, 'my daughter will marry, if any, a professional man, probably one of my own profession—I shall soon wish to leave it, and the young man who shall take my place, will do so with a flattering prospect of success. I am heartily sorry for your destination, both on my own account, and my daughter's,' added he, on observing the change in Harry's countenance—the ghastly paleness—the lips tightly compressed. It was the bitter struggle of the spirit determined upon the right course, against the affections which were firmly drawing him towards the wrong. Harry could not speak; he bowed and left the room.

Ellen was in her own chamber, awaiting, with a beating heart, the result of a conversation, which, she doubted not, was to terminate favorably to her happiness. 'I cannot speak to her now,' thought Harry, as he opened the hall-door. Upon the steps, he met George, returning from a solitary walk, thinking himself the saddest wretch under the blue heaven. 'Gracious,' he exclaimed, 'Harry, how pale you are—what has happened?' 'Come down with me to the water, and I will tell you all,' said Harry.

They walked down to the woody bank of the river, with hurried steps and not speaking a word. 'For goodness' sake tell me now, at once,' cried George; 'I can bear your looks of despair no longer.' Harry threw his arms around his neck, and burst into tears. George wept too, for he was deeply affected by the appearance of a sorrow greater than his own.

'I am a miserable wretch,' said Harry, 'I have been living in an elysium of beautiful anticipations, which are now forever crushed. I have asked Ellen of her father, and he has rejected me, because I am to be a tailor.'

'You shall not be a tailor, indeed, you shall be a lawyer, and we will study together,' said George. 'Impossible,' replied Harry,—'my father is a tailor. It is his determination that I should follow his business—I have consented, and I shall not recede from my promise—my destiny is fixed.'

George perceived at once, from the expression of his face, that he was not to be dissuaded from his resolution. 'Then,' he exclaimed, 'my uncle's prejudices shall yield, indeed they shall—Ellen does not care what business you may choose. She loves you sincerely, and always will. Her happiness shall never be sacrificed to her father's pride. Wait here, I will see my uncle.' He hastily left him, and returned home.

'I wish I had not suffered him to go,' thought Harry, the moment he was out of sight—'I never will marry the daughter of a man who despises me, merely on account of my occupation—an occupation which I take upon compulsion.'

While Ellen was impatiently awaiting the result of the conference, in the drawing-room, she heard the hall-door open, and ran to the window to see who could be going away. She saw Harry and George passing down the avenue in very great haste, and an apprehension of some undefined evil, came over her

mind. She ran down stairs—her father was hurriedly pacing the room.

‘Father,’ cried she, ‘where are George and Harry gone?’ A single glance at her anxious face, assured him that concealment would be useless. Drawing her gently toward the sofa, and placing her beside him, he said, in as kind a tone as possible—‘My dear Ellen, you are quite too young to think of matrimony; but, this morning an offer was made to me, for your hand—I think it possible that it was made with your knowledge.’ Ellen looked down with swimming eyes and burning cheeks—‘Very well,’ continued her father, ‘I am not going to blame you, Ellen; you are a good girl, and would not, knowingly, propose any thing offensive to me. I respect Mr. March—I shall always remain his friend—I have, however,’ he added, hesitatingly, for he saw how the crimson was fading away from his daughter’s cheek, ‘rejected him, because I wish my daughter to marry, if any one, a professional man. Mr. March is to be a tailor.’

‘He is gone, then,’—cried Ellen, sinking back on the sofa, in utter bewilderment of grief. Suddenly a hasty step was heard in the hall. Ellen flew to see if Harry had returned, but it was George. She was retiring, but his look of affectionate pity recalled her. She took his hand, and would have told him her trouble.—‘I know it all, dear Ellen,’ said he, ‘do not trouble yourself about it—I can persuade my uncle, I am sure.’

‘You are my true friend, George,’ cried Ellen; and, throwing her arms round his neck, she kissed him, as she used to do when she was a little girl, forgetting that she was almost seventeen: then recollecting herself, she ran lightly up to her room to await the result of the second negotiation.

George’s earnest look at once convinced his uncle that there was a fourth person in the secret.

‘Well, George,’ said he, ‘I have had a very unpleasant interview with Harry, and a still more painful one with my daughter. I believe I have done right; but the young people seem to take it very much to heart. What do you think of it, George?’

‘Why, sir, if you will allow me to express my opinion, I consider Harry March as altogether the finest young man I have ever known. In whatever occupation he may feel it his

duty to engage, he will show himself a gentleman, and a man of honor—he will be distinguished and respected.'

'I have no doubt,' returned Mr. May, 'but he will be a distinguished and respectable tailor ; but my daughter must look higher.' Then, approaching George, and lowering his voice, he added—'Your cousin has always seemed to love you, George, and I think you are as much attached to her as Harry can be. If he were away, I have no doubt she would soon forget him, for she is very young ; and I know of no one whom I should choose for a son-in-law, in preference to yourself.'

George looked down and was silent. There was a momentary struggle between his affection and his good principles ; but the latter, strengthened by former victories, gained the precedence. He raised his head with a manly dignity, and replied, 'I thank you, my dear sir, for your good opinion. I should be happy, if, indeed, I might possess Ellen's affections ; but I can never marry a wife without a heart. Hers, I know, is forever devoted to Harry March. He is, in every respect, worthy of her ; and, sir, in this republican country, every honest employment is honorable, if it is in the hands of an honorable man. It is to an honorable man, and a true gentleman, that your daughter has given her affections, and I believe it will be her ruin if they are crossed. If he were a man of irreligious habits, vulgar manners, or even of inferior abilities, I would steadily oppose him in his attempt to gain my cousin's heart ; but when only a single objection can be made to him, and that merely the somewhat ungenteel, but certainly honest and productive business he has determined to follow,—I fear, sir, you may forever regret that you have repelled him from you. Even the circumstance of his relinquishing the profession upon which he had set his heart, and submitting to follow the one least agreeable to his wishes, for the sake of his kind but ignorant father, is exceedingly creditable to his good principles and feelings. Whoever knows him, will know these circumstances, and no one will esteem him the less, because he is a laboring, instead of a professional gentleman. Besides, sir, his father is very old and infirm ; he has had a second stroke of paralysis, as I am told, and it is possible, that at some future time, his son may find himself at liberty to follow some occupation more agreeable to his taste.'

This last argument, which George felt very sorry to be oblig-

ed to resort to, was the most effectual of all, and Mr. May consented to take the subject into consideration. After pacing the room alone for an hour more, he wrote a note to Harry, saying that he had thought more of the subject, and concluded that he could not better secure his daughter's happiness, than by giving her to so estimable a person ; observing that he cherished a strong hope that he might yet find himself at liberty to study the law, at some future time.'

'Heaven grant that I may,' cried Harry, as he laid down the note, and threw himself on his knees, to thank God for this unexpected light upon his prospects.

When George came to congratulate him, he embraced him with the deepest gratitude, saying that he should ever feel indebted to him for whatever of happiness he might enjoy in this world. He little knew how sad a spirit was hidden by the smile with which his friend wished him joy.

And Ellen—her thankfulness was only spoken by tears, but it was not, therefore, the less affecting.

CHANGES.

In a few days after these events, Harry received a letter, saying that his father had had another and more severe attack of palsy, and that, if his son wished to speak to him before his death, he must come immediately. Harry departed, and rode day and night, until he reached his home.

'Now,' thought Mr. May, will arrive the hour of Harry's deliverance : but it was not to be so.

Mr. March was evidently drawing near to his end, when his son arrived. He slowly opened his eyes, when told that his son was come, and faintly articulated, 'My good boy, you'll keep your promise to your poor father.'

'Yes, sir,' replied Harry, in a voice almost choked by emotion. Even if he had stoutly refused to comply with his wishes until that hour, he could not then have denied him ; although if his father's mind had remained uninjured, he would have readily perceived that it would not be well for his son to enter upon an employment, to which he was so averse—entirely ignorant of it as he was, and without any counsellor or guide.

It was a last hope, that Harry had been so fondly cherishing ; for his father, grasping his hand, looked up gratefully in his face, and expired. His destination in life was now fixed, for

his slightest promise was as binding as if it had been made upon the perdition of his soul.

It was a few months after this that Harry was married, and Ellen left her affectionate parent, and her quiet village home, for the ceremony and the bustle of the city. Beautiful and happy, and seventeen, the long vista of the future presented nothing to her anticipation, but pure felicity—unbroken—untroubled.

George had never entirely recovered his spirits, since the loss of his early love ; and now he became suddenly possessed by an utter weariness of study, and a desire to travel, so strong that his uncle thought it best to furnish him with the means of visiting foreign countries. He bade farewell to his native land, and embarked for France.

Harry found his new occupation excessively irksome ; and although he tried honestly to fulfil its duties, it is not surprising that he should have had small profits, and frequent losses. Whenever he could conscientiously leave his store for his beloved studies, and the society of his sweet young wife, he was perfectly happy. The residue of his time passed wearily enough ; but he had the consolation that he was doing what he regarded as his duty, without which, he could, in no situation in life, have been contented even.

Within two years after Ellen's marriage, her father was attacked by a violent fever. There was real distress and anxiety in his household, for he was sincerely beloved by his old servants. All were thinking only of what they might do to restore their master ; and in the hurry and bustle of attending him, the house took fire, and burnt to the ground, there being no engine in the village. The excitement and fatigue of removing the invalid, increased his malady, and he lived but a week. There had been no insurance, and nothing of consequence was saved from the flames. The stately mansion, and the proud master were suddenly swept away from the face of the earth. Many tears were shed—but what avails sorrow ? To the dead, nothing.

Before this heavy cloud had passed away, another of deeper tinge overshadowed the bright blue of Ellen's mental horizon. The scarlet fever spread through the city, carrying consternation and death with it. Ellen and the little George Henry were severely ill. Harry watched by them with unreposing

solicitude, and continual prayer to Heaven for their restoration. He felt that all which rendered life dear was in peril. They began to recover, and deep was the joy and the gratitude which swelled his heart. It was now Ellen's turn to be an anxious watcher by the bed of suffering. Her husband was attacked by the same frightful malady, and, already enfeebled as he was by excessive exertion and fatigue, he fell an easy prey to its power; and Ellen was left a lonely and heart-broken widow.

We may talk and write about death with calmness; but it is a fearful thing when it really comes—closing forever the eyes which have often beamed on us in tenderness unutterable; stilling forever the voice whose melody thrilled the deepest chords of our affections. Oh there is a woe in it, which may only be felt—it may not be told.

Ellen had lived retiredly with her husband, and made very few acquaintances—none which she particularly valued. Harry was proud, and as he could not associate with the very first class, he chose to have very few associates. While her husband lived, Ellen cared not for other friends; but now, she would have been glad of them. She felt herself alone in the world, and only her confidence in Heaven preserved her from despair. For a time she was exceedingly melancholy, and seemingly indifferent to every thing except her feeble little boy, and the memory of his lost father.

The prospect of a new calamity awakened her from her stupor. Bereavement and loneliness she had already felt, but poverty was an evil of which she had never dreamed.

It was found, upon the settlement of her husband's affairs, that there was very little property remaining: there was sufficient to educate the little son, but not enough to support his mother also. This was an unlooked-for difficulty; and when Ellen thought of her beautiful boy, she felt that she would rather live in the most humble retirement and even labor for her own maintenance, than suffer her dearest child to grow up in ignorance, and destitute of the advantages which contributed to render his father so distinguished in his early youth.

Resolved to do something for her own support, and not to be indebted for either her own, or her son's maintenance, Ellen wrote to her old nurse, who lived in a neighboring town, to know if she could probably obtain employment there, as a teacher of music, drawing, and other elegant accomplishments,

of which she was mistress. The nurse returned answer that inquiry was then being made, in that place, for a teacher of those branches, and that she would, probably, find ample encouragement, should she offer her services for that purpose. She sent her the names of the committee who were appointed to engage an instructress, adding, that, 'if Miss Ellen would come, she would do all in her power, to make her contented. She would take care of the little boy, and do every thing else she could to assist her. She was sure she could never repay the kindness she had received from Ellen's mother, who had considered her distress when she was a lone woman, with four children on her hands, helped her to the neat little house in which she was then living, assisted her to furnish it, and found employment for her, by means of which she could support her little family. Whatever she could do for the daughter of her best friend, would be little enough. She had a nice spare room, to which Miss Ellen should be heartily welcome; and she hoped that, after removing from the noisy, dusty city, to the pleasant, quiet village, she would find herself wonderfully better, in health and spirits.'

Thus encouraged, Ellen wrote to the chairman of the committee, giving him suitable references, in regard to her character and acquirements; and, in a very short time, her mind was set at rest by a favorable reply.

With a heavy heart, our young widow resolved on the disposal of her paintings, her beautiful furniture, and every thing, excepting her piano, and a few articles which were absolutely necessary in her new situation.

She was little more than nineteen, and the infant Harry had completed his first year, when they left their elegant home for nurse Kilburn's humble cottage. It was a melancholy change for one who never had known aught but affluence and ease. She was engaging in a most laborious and irksome occupation, for the procuring of her daily bread; but with streaming eyes, and a grateful heart, she thanked God that there were any means by which she might support herself, and save her son from the mortifying consciousness of obligation to any but his natural protector.

Ellen was surprised to see so large and pleasant a town, and really delighted with the neat and romantic look of nurse Kilburn's cottage, embowered as it was in luxuriant apple-trees,

and ornamented in front with roses and honey-suckles. The school-house was very near her home, and it was an exceedingly nice and commodious little building. Her pupils were very ignorant, but generally neat and good tempered girls. She entered upon her new duties with a determination to perform them honestly, and to find her pleasure in them. She succeeded, not only in rendering herself useful and beloved, but even contented and cheerful.

THE VILLAGE ARISTOCRACY.

‘What a genteel little miss our school ma’am is,’ said good-natured Martha Lane, the minister’s daughter, one afternoon, at the sewing circle.

‘Genteel enough,’ observed Miss Goodwin, ‘but not by any means young. She is a widow, and her youngest child is with her, at old Mrs. Kilburn’s.’ Miss Goodwin had already twenty-eight years. ‘I have no doubt she is thirty-five years old,’ added the young lady.

‘I like her,’ continued Miss Lane, ‘and wish we might have her in our society, whether she is a widow or not.’

‘That will never do,’ cried frank Miss Catlin, ‘we have only a precious few beaux, and her sweet face would bewitch them altogether.’

‘How can you praise such a baby-face,’ exclaimed Miss Plympton, an enormous girl of sixteen, with masculine features, and huge black eyes. ‘She seems to me a mere child.’

‘Whether she be child or widow, bewitching or indifferent,’ said Miss Kettell, the rich jeweller’s daughter, ‘she is too poor to have much society or to entertain company, even if we could think of visiting her in such an ungenteel place.’

Here the question was put to rest by the oracle of the coterie, Miss Lambraid, the lawyer’s daughter, who very gravely observed, that ‘although she herself cared very little for mere wealth or style, she could never think of admitting to their select circle, the widow of an obscure tailor.’ This was decisive, and the subject was dropped.

If any of the beaux afterwards inquired why the pretty little stranger was not invited to their parties, ‘We do not particularly fancy her,’ was the reply. ‘Are you afraid of her beauty?’ persevered the inquirers. ‘We do not think her remarkably handsome,’ said they; and the gentlemen gave up the point.

Meanwhile, the little widow cared not for themselves, or the decision they had made against her. She attended to the duties of her school, and found her time passing so swiftly, that she would not have wished to attend their select circles, had she even been invited.

The more closely she devoted herself to the improvement of her pupils, the more she became interested in them. She saw, also, the good effects of her example, and her instruction, upon their tempers and manners. Where she found vulgar haughtiness, she now saw gentleness and delicacy. Where was once stupidity, now shone the brightness of intellect. The mind which was once darkened by ignorance and infidelity, was now enlightened and purified by the influence of religious truth. These were changes which made Ellen's heart glad, for she felt that she was useful ; and she had another source of true happiness—her little son was growing a most sweet and beautiful child, and the tears of joy and pride shone in his mother's eyes, whenever she stopped to gaze upon him. Every fine evening she walked with him along the banks of the lovely lake, near which nurse Kilburn's cottage was situated, often speaking to him of his departed parent, and of his Almighty Father in heaven.

Years passed thus, and Ellen was twenty-three—beautiful, cheerful, and respected, though not admitted to the 'select circle.'

Meanwhile, George was in a foreign land. He was engaged in business, and had already amassed considerable wealth. He had been informed of Harry's decease, and written a letter of condolence to his cousin, not knowing, however, that she was poor and obliged to toil for a maintenance. But after the lapse of three years, on hearing that she remained unmarried, and out of society, he said to himself, 'She is, perhaps, the same as when I left her, unchanged by the dissipations of the city, and the homage of unprincipled admirers. What if I should return to visit her ? She would then receive me with the same sisterly kindness which she formerly cherished for me, but never should I be able to make her love me as she loved my friend.' Here the whim struck him, (he had grown whimsical of late,) that if he could be introduced to her, as a stranger, he might possibly gain her affection, and be loved by her as his friend had been. He lay down to sleep with his mind possessed by this idea, and in his visions, Ellen came to him like an angel of love and beau-

ty. He thought of it again in the morning, and determined to revisit his native country, and, if possible, bring back with him the bride of his early dreams.

One evening, Ellen was walking at sunset, with the little George Harry upon the banks of the lake. It was June, and the freshness of spring yet rested upon its wild scenery. The beautiful boy was in fine spirits, and although Ellen was gayer than usual that evening, she could not equal the merriment of her son, who ran on before her, singing and shouting—now and then hiding behind a bush, and springing out with a loud laugh when she came up to him. Ellen watched him with a glad heart, he was growing so like his father ; ‘ ah,’ thought she, ‘ that Heaven may aid me in imparting to him the same noble sentiments which guided his beloved parent.’

As they came round a bend of the lake, the boy caught the eye of a tall stranger, who was advancing towards them. He fixed a penetrating glance on the child, looked a moment at his mother, and then, with a slight inclination of the head, passed on.

‘ Aunt Kilburn,’ said Ellen, as she came in from her walk, ‘ I have seen the most magnificent person, excepting my husband, whom I ever beheld.’

‘ Why, have you,’ cried nurse, ‘ who can he be ? Most likely, some stranger at the hotel.’ ‘ Probably,’ returned Ellen, and the subject was dropped.

The next evening she met the stranger in nearly the same place. He was sitting on the bank, sketching the beautiful view in front. Harry broke away from his mother, and running to the stranger, cried out, ‘ Will you let me see some of the pictures in your book?’ Ellen called him back, but the gentleman very good-naturedly took him on his knee, and showed him the sketches he had begun.

‘ They are not very pretty,’ said Harry, looking a good deal disappointed.

‘ Not very, to be sure,’ said the stranger, laughing, ‘ but they are the best I can make. They will look rather better after they are finished,’—and then turning to Ellen, observed, ‘ You have some beautiful views around you.’

‘ Very beautiful,’ said Ellen, and she wished she had courage to ask permission to see the sketch herself, and to converse with him about those things ; but it was so long since she had

seen a gentleman, that her heart failed her, and, taking little Harry's hand, she observed it was late,' and bade him good evening.

'Aunt Kilburn,' cried Ellen, throwing down her hat, 'cannot you find out who is this stranger? I have met him again, and he spoke of the beautiful prospects around the lake. Such a superb person, such elegant manners, and so sweet a voice I have not heard or seen in many years. He reminds me, too, of my dear cousin George.'

'Dear me,' cried nurse, 'Well, I'm going into widow Crosby's of an errand, I can find out there, if any where, for she keeps all the news.'

When Mrs. Kilburn returned, she told Ellen that the stranger was a Mr. Granville, or Cranville, or some such sort of name—an Englishman, who was visiting this country. He was staying in town a few days to make sketches of the highlands and the lake. She added, that he had become acquainted with the Lombards, who were to have a great party on his account, that same evening.

'I wish I knew the Lombards,' thought Ellen, 'I wonder they have never visited me, as their little sister attends my school.' She had never given this subject a moment's thought before, for she had been perfectly contented. She now retired to her room with a sad and disturbed mind. 'Why,' said she to herself, 'why am I, upon whom every advantage of education has been lavished, shut up in a village school-house, year after year, without a single well-informed and elegant friend to spend a social hour with me. Even they who are supposed to stand highest in this place, and who look down so proudly upon me, are people whom I would not once have noticed. My destiny is a hard one.'

These were wicked feelings, feelings of rebellion against the kind hand which had gently led her, thus far, in comfort and peace of mind. She felt that she was greatly in the wrong, and, throwing herself upon her knees, implored forgiveness of her heavenly Father, and acknowledging his numberless favors, resigned herself to his will, and her destiny to his keeping. She arose with a cheerful and submissive spirit. On that night her slumbers were quiet, and her dreams happy. Not until the heart is resigned to the will of Heaven, is it prepared to receive a blessing.

‘Miss Lombard’s party was a brilliant one—all her guests were delighted with the elegant stranger. He, on the contrary, was not generally pleased with them.

So much heaping on of ill-assorted jewelry—so much aping of city manners, and city extravagances, in a small country town, utterly disgusted him.

‘Have you any good school in this place, Miss Lombard?’ asked Mr. Granville, on hearing a richly dressed lady, use bad grammar.

‘A very good one,’ was the reply—‘Mrs. March teaches music, drawing, French, &c., with all the solid branches of education. The misses are very fond of her.’

‘And who is Mrs. March?’ asked Mr. Granville.

‘I really, have no acquaintance with her,’ said Miss Lombard, drawing herself up with a dignified air,—‘She is a widow woman. Her husband was a tailor, and very poor. She lives with a woman in this neighborhood, and has one of her children with her. She keeps a very good school,’ she added, carelessly tossing her head.

The light flashed from Mr. Granville’s eye, and his cheek flushed deeply, as he passed his hand quickly across his brow—‘I should like to see this school,’ said he; ‘every thing in your country is interesting to me.’

‘I will accompany you there to-morrow,’ said Miss Lombard.

‘I shall be exceedingly indebted to you for the favor,’ replied Mr. Granville.

A REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

The next morning, about half an hour after Ellen had opened her school, there was a rap at the door. It was the stranger and Miss Lombard. Ellen blushed deeply, and wished she had known they were coming; then recollecting that her own dress was, as usual, neat and becoming, and her pupils, as usual, cleanly and quiet, she felt that there was no cause for regret, except that she had lost the pleasure of anticipating the visit. She received her guests with perfect grace and sweetness of manner, though with evident embarrassment. Miss Lombard was exceedingly stiff and haughty, but Mr. Granville’s ease and elegant courtesy, prevented Ellen from feeling wounded at, or even noticing, the coldness of her lady visitor.

Some of her pupils were employed in copying her own

sketches and paintings of the most beautiful views around the lake and the highlands. Mr. Granville bestowed on them the warmest praises, and requested her to show him the places from which the views were taken. She cheerfully consented, and he left her, not at all to Miss Lombard's gratification, with a promise to call for her to walk the same evening.

He came at his appointment, while the sun was yet high. Ellen felt a momentary shame that he should find her in so humble a place ; but the feeling quickly vanished before the bright smile with which the courtly stranger expressed his admiration of nurse Kilburn's romantic dwelling, and the perfect neatness and good taste of every thing around it, saying it was more like an English cottage than any he had yet seen in America.

It was a delightful walk for Ellen. She was entirely at ease, for though she knew Mr. Granville could not be her cousin, yet the resemblance, and the tone of voice were so familiar that she conversed freely with the stranger, respecting the beautiful things around them. His expressive eye told her how much he admired her, and a brighter glow spread over her pure cheek. She was happy to be again with an intelligent person, who understood and appreciated her ; for she had learned in seclusion the value of good society.

From that time she saw Mr. Granville every day. She admired, and in spite of her better reason, loved him. She could not believe that he would descend to one in her humble situation, and, even if he would, how did she know whether he were a really worthy man, and what his character had been ?

He made her an offer of his hand and she accepted him with a trembling heart, for she feared she was acting very imprudently. She was, indeed—it was too rash. But when she found it was her own cousin George, she had no place for regrets, and she thanked Heaven, that to her deep affection she could add perfect confidence.

They were married in the Methodist chapel, where nurse Kilburn always worshipped. The bride was dressed in a white frock and long blond veil. Her pupils stood around her in snowy robes, with white roses in their hair, and pearly tears in their eyes, while at a distance, in the wall pews, sat the disappointed village aristocracy, several members of which had firmly calculated on figuring in London as Mrs. George Granville.

Nurse Kilburn's heart was almost broken by the conflicting

emotions of joy and grief which the happy marriage and sudden departure of her lovely protégé occasioned. But Ellen made her presents, and promised to write often, and her heart was comforted.

At this time they are probably arrived in England, but if any one recollects to have met, in the course of the last summer, at Saratoga, at Niagara, or any other place of fashionable resort, a strikingly elegant Englishman, with a beautiful, bashful, yankee wife, seemingly about eighteen years of age, and a remarkably handsome boy of four, who attracted the admiration of all around them, he may rest assured that it was Mr. George G. May, and his family.

ELLEN ORNE, A DOMESTIC TALE.

By Mrs Jane E. Locke.

'There's beauty all around our paths if but our watchful eyes,
 Will trace it mid familiar things and through their lowly guise.'
Mrs Hemans.

My purpose at present is not to relate a startling catastrophe or range the regions of romance and fiction, for something of the marvellous, I leave that for those whose pens are as 'of iron or the point of a diamond.' For myself I am a creature of sentiment, living, if I may be allowed the phrase, in the depths of *the heart*; and, therefore, I must deal only in those things that have been, and that are connected with its secret windings. But fortunately, human nature is a volume vast and deep, presenting every variety of the grand and beautiful, and real life to the instinctive eye a drama diversified with every shade of misfortune and wretchedness, of joy and bliss. Is this last denied? my own heart is the voucher; I go no further. The most uneventful and unincidental life may have periods in it, mighty as a Byron's lyre could reach, or a Cooper's pen portray; nay, more, there may have been feelings and sentiments in it beyond the power of either. We need not cross the Atlantic, or search the Polar regions for heroes or events; *our own histories* might furnish volumes for some 'Great Unknown, —' and become the 'Waverley Novels,' far more interesting, far more instructing to our children, and our children's children.

It was a hallowed morning — all was bustle and confusion through the dwelling of the Winthrop's. One hour more and Ellen Winthrop stood at the altar by the side of one destined to become her husband. The holy vow was even then upon her lip, the priest had already commenced his address as I entered the room. I might describe her particularly. In her large dark eye there was visible the deep, unearthly, affectionate resolve, lighted up by the spirit's elasticity, full of hope, full of bliss. A tear had stolen its way from the tender fountain, and stood upon her cheek like one that crept forth on an uncourteous and forbidden errand, the reluctant presager of woe. On her lip was a delicate smile that told the pride of her heart, and seemed to have come forth to contrast with the

tear. Her features were strongly marked and betrayed the powerful fabric of the mind within. Her mouth was small, and delicately contrasted with a large aqueline or Roman nose. Her forehead was of that cast which none would call beautiful, and her eyebrows large, thick and black, with scarcely a curve, were far from the modern penciling, of the Venus de Medici. They spoke only of intellect. She had a poet's eye, scanning and deep, which not unfrequently varied its color, as its expression varied, from a dark hazle to a lighter grey. But her form — it answered not to the stately and majestic models of Grecian maids, but was of that slight and fairy mould whose beauty and grace is only discernible to the minute observer, and such a one *might* have found beauty there. Over her form and face was thrown a sickly delicacy, not that of physical weakness, but such as seemed excited by that sickness of heart which only the *sensitive ones of earth can know*.

Her dress was peculiarly simple, being composed of plain white muslin with a broad fold at the bottom, surmounted by three white satin *roleaus*. The bust was plain, no extravagant production of Persian looms or the rich embroidery of Italian maids, concealed the delicately prescribed bosom and slender throat, on which even the most sensitive might gaze without one unhallowed thought. Her hair was beautifully arranged, and a profusion of curls adorned her forehead, in which a single white rose was wreathed and a white lace veil thrown over it fell in folds on the otherwise unadorned neck. Her wrists were bound by a bracelet of gold, and her hands, which were small and delicate, were decked with the precious pearl and sparkling amethyst, made more precious to her, by being the pledges of his love, who now in all the dignity of manhood stood beside her. But I have already dwelt too long on this description of her person, yet the impression her appearance then made, with me now in all its enthusiasm, must be my apology.

It is more particularly her character and history of which I design to speak. But the history of her husband must not pass unnoticed. Edmund Orne — I knew *him* from youth, and even from childhood ; and the association of our early years, how tender, how hallowed ! Even while I write, the friends of my youth, some of whom have laid them down to their unearthly sleep, and others departed to unknown regions, are peopling my imagination with living forms, and uplifting

from my heart a pall dark as midnight. Sacred dreams, how shall I break the spell ! But one of my friends had floated along the uneven current of life, had survived the general wreck, and in an hour of unutterable hope and bliss had come up before me. Edmund Orne stood at the altar, and what a flow of pride and unlanguage'd delight was expressed in his countenance as I looked upon him. His form and face had all the dignity of manly beauty, but sickness and 'hope deferred' had given to the whole a sort of effeminacy that ill comported with the character, and left the tall and sinewy frame elegant, even slight and delicate as a girl's. His mouth, which was very prominent, was now slightly compressed, and the soft and tender expression of his deep blue eye told how much of affection there was within. I need not describe his dress. The fashion of 1820, all will recollect who may read this narrative. The rich blue broadcloth contrasted with the white Marseilles, may show how delicate was the arrangement of the whole exterior. Neat even to the extreme, everything about his person was in perfect accordance with this part of his character.

Edmund had been unfortunate in life, and I had often feared his too sensitive heart would sink beneath the oppression. But when I saw him flushed with hope and joy, breathing forth in every look the rich pleasure within ; fervently did I hope and pray the meridian of the future might beam as brightly upon him as it now rose. I had loved him like a brother ; and at this season of delight how did my heart rejoice with his and anticipate the bright fortune with which I hoped, vainly hoped, his course in life would yet be marked. I remember well his boyhood and the strong development of character that marked him even then ; and I remember too with bitterness the sorrows and misfortunes of his later day. But let us tell them.

Edmund's father was a man in public life, and a man of no stinted mental resources. *His* boyhood was marked by no striking disclosure of character, no astonishing peculiarity of his nature predicted a mighty genius or a powerful man. No conjunction of the planets or the elements on the day of his birth predestined him to glory. But a common birth and a common childhood concealed from modern soothsayers and prognosticators his future uneven and eventful course. Great men are not always great in childhood. But nature, as though some wild caprice had seized her, often takes them from the

rustic paths of common life, and leads them up earth's dizzy steep to honor and renown. But I should overstep my present design, were I to go back to his boyhood, and thence trace the incidents of his after years. His history should command 'the pen of a ready writer,' and fill a page more exalted than my own; aye, and it will. Wherever Columbia unrolls her worthies there will the name of Orne be registered. I have only to make him a connecting link between my hero and my story. At the age of thirtyfive, he was married to the daughter of General —, of Massachusetts. In her was united every virtue calculated to endear her to her friends and render her useful in life, making her an amiable example in the character of the daughter, the wife and the mother. To her husband she was the spirit of his being. He never seemed fond, yet when she was distressed, he suffered, when she was in sorrow he had woe. But the good always seem to escape in haste from earth, one of the strongest monitions of a better immortality — and but few years had notched their exit on the hills, ere she left him with two sons, the pledges of her love, her confidence, and her hopes, and all the legatees of her most fervent prayers. She had just given birth to a daughter, but she took that daughter to her bosom and departed with it, as it might seem that woman's lot, with all her tenderness, might not be on that lone one through the perilous hours of an earthly existence. They were buried, mother and daughter, together in one grave; yet the husband and the father did not wander nightly there to weep and let the gush of feeling forth. As soon as the heavy clods were replaced he hurried with his little ones from the spot, while their healthful cheeks were bathed in tears, they scarcely knew why, and did not walk among the tombs again. He would have gone farther at any time the other way, nay, he would sooner have gone to the arctic regions than to that desolate spot where all his youthful joys and hopes kept silence with the dead. There would not have seemed half the peril to him in crossing the Atlantic, as in once looking thither; and for months and even years, as he passed the church-yard gate, on his weekly visit to the sanctuary, he turned him with averted eye. Ah, often did he wish that Lethe's fountain were not a mere fabulous thing.

His friends feared the effect of such stubborn grief, and there were dark threatenings in it, not only to his future usefulness, but his reason too. Happily these fears were not real-

ized, for though his grief never faded into forgetfulness, yet it did not break his spirit, and for many years he was a useful member of the national council. And who may tell how many are the broken hearts that link that honored body, on whose destinies dignities and titles weigh heavier than the clods, and in whose bosoms the trumpet voice of fame serves but to awaken bitter recollections, or call up buried joys and make them feel the loneliness of earth still more, while their homes are desolate and no fond one there to share their glory or their pride.

Mr Orne came and went like others at his country's bidding, 'where duty went, he went,' but there was always a strange silence on his lip, that never stirred to wedded joys, or first love ; yet he mingled in the court and joined the festive board as other men. But ever after there was a weedy grave in the little church-yard of — , with no enclosure about it, and no pathway to it worn by the nightly lingerings of the mourner's feet, and no lettered stone to tell in the tender strain of Brainerd

'Whose was immortal bliss, and whose was mortal woe.'

His two sons, Edward and Samuel, were too young when the pall of death was let down upon the joy of their surviving parent's heart to recollect much of the blessing thus early torn away. But in after years they felt bitterly the void upon their father's hearth ; they could not but feel it, for what kindness or what tenderness like that of a mother's. And as they saw the desolation and the wreck that this event had made, they had almost committed sacrilege and wished her back from heaven. Immediately after the death of Mrs Orne, the boys were placed under the care of a distant female relative who took the charge of their father's household affairs. Left alone to the direction of a stricken and thereby too indulgent parent, and the common care of one whom they neither respected nor feared, it would not have been strange had our hero been wayward in his youth ; however, he grew up with no fashionable vices or degrading habits. The pride of his heart, and his native sense of dignity, forbade his alliance to anything mean. With a mind that could lay open the abstruse and difficult, he possessed an effeminate temperament, and much of that melting sensibility that often falls on *man* like Eden's curse. In truth he was a scholar, and he thirsted ardently for a name upon the pages of his country's record. But physically feeble, (and it often seems the lot of the sentimentalist, whether man or woman, to stand and pine, and

withier amid the very beauty and freshness of earth!) he felt that close application to study might ruin his health, and, therefore, after a common academical education, he engaged in the mercantile profession, in the house of A. B. & Co. wholesale dealers in Boston; while his younger brother at the same time was sent to —, preparatory to a collegiate course.

It is a melancholy period when families thus make their egress from beneath the parent roof, to act their various parts in life. True, they are frequently called together again on some festal occasion, or to complete a mourning household, yet they never link in childhood's bond again. Their hopes, their fears, their joys, their sorrows, all, all, start up without their childhood's home and flourish or fade unconnected with all within. Its interest to them often become like the stranger's interests, its cares the stranger's cares. Thus early divided in pursuits the attachments of brotherhood are in a measure lost. But it is due the character of one who still lives to fill an honorable rank in life, here to mention that in the present instance it was not so. Amid the vicissitudes of life and in their diverging course, the brothers never forgot they were of one family, that the same blessings from their sainted mother's lips were poured on each, and that they two were *all* of one household. It was often remarked of Edmund, that he had too much *heart* for earth. He thirsted alone for the delicate and the tender of every element. So little did he feel with the world around him, that

‘The wise
Shook their white aged heads o’er him, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made.’

And did they prophecy correctly? The sequel will tell. But his present situation was not congenial with his feelings, such a one would be more at home struggling with poverty and want amid the burstings of the heart, and pouring on the world its burning lava, than in digging diamonds from Potosi's mine. Though Mr Orne had an honorable name to give his sons, he had not wealth, therefore Edmund felt it necessary to check his unearthly aspirings for a time at least, and as his present business did not promise him a very large reward, he accepted an opportunity for employment in an agency to South America. His friends had many fears for his health as he was about to expose himself to that sickly, southern sun, but the opportunity promised so much, they could not withhold him, and he left his kindred and his country and departed.

It was a sultry midsummer eve, when a traveller was seen wearily wending his way up Franklin Street, in Boston. His features were haggard and keen, and his bronzed visage told of exposure to sun and wind, and bespoke him from a southern climate. His form, though it rose in all the dignity of manhood, betrayed feebleness and lassitude, and showed that sickness and misfortune had been his only companions. He scarcely turned his head to notice the various objects that he passed, and his thoughts seemed intent on something that the outward vision could not scan. Though in the midst of familiar friends, he appeared a stranger in a strange land, and so changed was he that none recognised in the sunburnt weary traveller the lofty bearing and manly brow of Edmund Orne; and he passed on unknowing and unknown. The city had lost its charms, and indeed the very world its allurements. He had left his native shores elate with hope, with ambition high and anticipations proud.

‘But there misfortune followed him,
And sickness with her livid eye
There sought him out, and laid her hand,
Her withering hand, upon his brow,
And made him feel a pilgrim there,
And that his place on earth was not
In that far sunny land.’

And he now stood upon his native soil as one whose country's bonds were all dissevered. The lights of his youth were quenched. Disappointment and sickness and misfortune had clustered around him, and from this his character took its future stamp. Unable to engage in the active pursuits of life, he proceeded to his father's residence and there for a time remained, often yielding himself to melancholy and despair, yet still too proud to sink. It was at this period that Ellen Winthrop visited his native village, and their meeting was like the meeting of shadows, — thought and soul assimilated. With his ambition all his hopes of happiness from aught but the sympathy of woman's heart had departed. The streams from which he had drank, whose sources were at the confluence of the Euphrates and Kiddekel had poured out their last drop, and the beds over which they had sparkled, seemed but to possess the poison and destruction of Asphaltides. His energy had died, and he felt that he would the grave could cover alike his misfortunes and his faults, were there ought of woman's form to mourn him, or save him from the dire complete fulfilment

of Antony's remark in relation to one who *merited* no prouder lot than he —

And none so poor to do him reverence,
————— ' Now lies he there.

But with Ellen there came a renovation of the whole man ; the current of his better days flowed backward o'er him and refreshed and fertilized the heart, and joy sprang up with spontaneous growth. But she — bred in the deep retirement and rusticity of the country, had come forth as unacquainted as uncontaminated with the world. Ignorant of its deceit, its fraud and its treachery, she had not learned to roll the instinctive eye of suspicion in its chafed socket, or shrink from its allurements with a sickening chill, or with a forbidding reserve recoil within herself as though afraid of its polluting touch. With a heart too nicely wrought and delicately disposed to hug with fondness the heartless enjoyments of earth, she could smile at its novelty, laugh in its mirth, and feel in its sentiment as if these were indeed her being. She seemed to look around as on an eminence above the scorn and dislike of the world, too proud to share its sympathies, and too rich to crave its luxuries ; she possessed few of those charms that distinguish a female in the fashionable world, yet wherever she moved in society, she commanded respect and esteem, and the great ones stood aside as she passed, scarcely knowing why, choosing not to acknowledge her superiority, yet feeling an irresistible awe for the grandeur and loftiness of spirit she possessed. The majesty of mind will be felt wherever it is known, though surrounded by a life of error, or though it flourish in the cottage or the palace. Ellen possessed also a wild, creative imagination, or, in the technics of Phrenology, the organ of Ideality large ; a bold, masculine power of thought united with a heart so soft and sensitive that it seemed a very curse. Often was it deemed weakness and often construed to sullenness, and withal she possessed a spirit so untamed and proud, that none could overreach it. In truth, she was far from what is called a perfect being, and she scorned to be of that class who pass smoothly along through life — a mere passive thing, without awakening any uncommon sentiment of admiration or dislike. She aimed to impress deeply, and she succeeded, for it was her lot to secure the most devoted friendship or buffet the bitterest enmity. Hers were the most determined virtues that dazzle without being even fully understood, and her faults made a character of their own. Even in her very childhood

she was a thing all stubbornness or sensibility. I have dwelt long, too long on this description of her character, still it seems undefined and unfinished. But my pen could not more accurately describe her ; for, as I have said, she seemed to possess nothing in common with the world. Her sentiments, her feelings, her joys, her sorrows, nay, even her sicknesses, and bodily infirmities wore an independent cast and seemed peculiar to herself.

There are hearts that in the intimate and even common acquaintances of life, *seem* to go forth with all the ardor of youth and all the frankness of tried friendship, still to their bosom friends inexplicable, and strangers, in reality known to few and alone in the midst of the world's millions. We sometimes meet with such, but they are rarer than the comet's blaze, melting as its reddened vapor, and in their orbit as eccentric and unknown, and need a microscopic eye to tell their visitation.

It was Ellen's misfortune, (for that one is most unfortunate in the world who is least modelled like it,) to possess such a temperament. With no being on earth had she held sympathy up to this hour. But in Edmund Orne seemed to concentrate every wandering ray from the majestic and powerfully overheated orb of her imagination. She was not only prepared to love with the fervor and strength of woman, but from her natural constitution it must have been, it was, the whole business of her life. But as I have chosen the by-path of narrative rather than the public road, the beaten track, I shall not in the common way detail the many romantic periods and striking incidents to which fiction could add no beauty and fancy no coloring through their long and peculiar intimacy, till it arrived to the one grand yet common event with which I have introduced my story. The world could scarce present another instance of affection so pure, so deep, so exhaustless. The ceremony passed and their vows were registered where nought of earth could abrogate the writing.

That this is a matter-of-fact world, we all have proved, but to Edmund and his bride the reality soon came with more than a sober, with a desolating power. Ellen was yet to learn that duty, kindred, and society all had claims to urge upon them. Still she could not endure the idea, and Edmund had been so devoted to her that she could not bear any other thing should share a thought of his, or that the world should breathe upon him. But they were poor and the spirit of love with all

its mystery and magic could not alone furnish the necessities of life. It ever professes to prefer the lowly roof with its rustic board, to the lofty palace and the show and parade of royalty ; but with all its wonderwork it cannot create ' from airy nothingness ' the solids that support the body ; and Edmund, though as enthusiastic and untrammelled in his affections as a girl, did not forget the necessity of exertion to obtain support for himself and Ellen. Soon, therefore, instead of the leisurely ' lady's man,' he was known but by a hurried business tread, and with his devotion to business there came over his character a change, visible, if to none else, to the wife of his bosom, a neglect of the trifles that make up our daily happiness and domestic felicity. Not that he *felt* less, as the sequel will show, but the fault was that he neglected, in his business cares, the manifestation of those little kindnesses and attentions to which, in married life, so much importance is attached.

I am not quite certain, but I think it is the author of ' Dunallen,' who has said that ' happiness is made up of very trifles ;' and whose heart has not felt the truth of the assertion. Certainly the *wife* can bear testimony to it. But Ellen Orne, romantic and enthusiastic to a fault, made not only her happiness but her existence depend upon it, and when she saw that the epithets of endearment were forgotten, the smile of approbation neglected, and the caresses of fondness ' like angel's visits ' and to her as precious, ' few and far between,' her spirit began to sink, and there seemed an increasing burden at her heart.

But she did not complain ; there was within too much of woman's pride to tell the cause of her affliction. Edmund only noticed that her spirits drooped, but the cause he could not divine, and in his absence she would sit and weep for hours, when perhaps he supposed the world with its affairs were flitting lightly on to her ; and when he met her, instead of the gay and happy look she was wont to bestow upon him, or indeed the angry passionate reproach which he could have borne far better, there was a cast of bitter anguish in her eye, and the newly gushed tear stood yet unwiped upon her cheek. At length, in the midst of his devotion, for it was yet ardent and tender, though hoarded in his heart like the treasures of the miser, not for every day use, her sorrow gushed forth with a violence that nothing could stay. She would often exclaim, ' your love is like that of the world, it has passed its crisis and commenced its wane, but mine is burning with a deeper and

deeper enthusiasm, and will continue to glow with an ardor bright and quenchless. Oh, I was not formed for earth, there is nothing in the wide world that can hold sympathy with my heart, I had thought I had found its counterpart, but you are *changed* and become like the common herd around me. Better to die, gazed upon, worshipped, wept, in the full flow of young love's impassioned and untrammelled fondness, than to live on till its enthusiasm has decayed, and its fervor cooled, or the cares of earth, have changed it, or the spirit of the world passed over it.

In vain did Edmund entreat, remonstrate, and persuade, in vain declare his early affection and himself unchanged. Her sorrow had become a disease, which nor kindness nor affection could cure or mitigate. And already the body by its connexion with the invisible spirit, had become diseased also, and it was evident there was a wearing away both of soul and substance ; and oh, what agony what woe dwelt in her husband's bosom when he looked upon the idol of his heart, and saw the finger of death, cautiously but surely winding his clasp, and he knew the event was just as certainly approaching as though there were no bosom to heave, and no eye to moisten, for the laws of death are not a penal code. Deeper and deeper was she drinking of the noxious mystic draught, and faster and faster did the current of life ebb on. To Edmund she was, in truth, little as he had manifested it, the only connecting link between him and earth. He loved with a fervor and a devotion that seldom stirs the heart of *man*. He had followed her on up to the very threshold of the grave, and he felt he could not retrace that long and weary way alone ; and he hoped with her to escape the cares of earth, and especially that one overwhelming woe now threatening him. At length there came a mild still, day in autumn, when a melancholy silence with a bright and pleasant show seems to pervade the very atmosphere ; Ellen had appeared unusually cheerful through the day, but as the night drew on there seemed gathering over her frame the lassitude and weariness of death. She called Edmund to her side, he was now as he had ever been, a thing to love beyond all that earth could offer, a being nearer perfection than mortality with her crumbling materials, had ever formed beside — she laid her head upon his bosom — there was a lingering look — their lips met — a momentary mingling of souls and the sacred stillness of death prevailed. The king of terrors had passed.

It was now the April of the year ; the violet and the wake robin were flowering in the marshes, and on the heath the fern and daisy, with their associate sisters were springing into life. a plant of the sweetbriar had taken root beside the grave of Ellen, and its fragrant buds were now bursting into still more fragrant foliage and freshening in the gentle showers. At length it became necessary to remove it for a sacred deposite, and in two years from the time I saw that happy bride and joyful bridegroom, a plain white marble slab was erected, and on it simply engraved ' Sacred to the memory of Edmund and Ellen Orne,' — but no record of their unearthly love, or untimely end ; and now, where sprang that sweetbriar sending forth its spicy breath, there stands in its beauty the pride of the New England forest, singled out for its most striking emblem, the first to flourish and the first to fade.

Ah, yes, human nature is a volume vast and deep, presenting every variety of the grand and beautiful ; and real life is a drama, diversified with every shade of misfortune and wretchedness, of joy and bliss. But, oh ! how much of this joy or wretchedness is our own work ! No woman can ever be happy herself, can ever confer happiness on those she loves, unless she have a well regulated mind, and a well governed temper.

EMILY AND EDWARD.

BY HENRY A. FAY.

It is but too common for mankind to express opinions which are formed without sufficient reflection. Among these hasty conclusions, is the one regarding the contrast between the exposure of life among the ferocious natives and wild beasts 'of the wilderness, and its security in the bosom of civilized society.

Barbarians are indeed tomahawked by fellow barbarians. Their ignorance of scientific warfare delivers them an easy prey to the massacring mercy of disciplined armies, who engrave religious truths on their untutored hearts with the bloody bayonet's point—whose artillery annihilates their myriads in the dark, dark forest, on the lofty, beetling cliff, and in the deepest recesses of rocky caverns. Like the earthquake, their artillery's thunder shakes the 'misty mountain top,' where the simple savages climb for safety. Its lightnings can find them out and blast them in the most sunken valleys, which the king of day never pierces with his pioneering rays. Occasionally they fall victims to famine, fatigue, and natural disease, and also, though more rarely than their polished invaders, are brought to an untimely grave by the preying of the mind upon the body, when the intrigues of malice or jealousy, or the cruel coldness of an unloving loved one has rendered it desperate.

Refined nations, however, are master-workmen, and pagans, but apprentices in the art of cutting throats, and individuals of the former sometimes die of want or fatigue. But elegant arts can balance the scales of death against the scalping knife and the poisoned arrow. Though they have driven from cities the race of the deadly rattlesnake and the poisonous viper, art has borrowed their venomous fangs.

The gaudy hues on the glittering scales of a huge tropical serpent have often lured onward children, innocent and unsuspecting, to be crushed by the terrible convolutions of an angry, voracious monster. So the careless votary of pleasure, snatching at every gay flower with greedy grasp, will curse similar gaudy hues in which fancy has decked hoped-for joys, pleasing the unheeding pursuer of sensual gratifications into his own destruction. I will not pause to contemplate those purveyors of the tomb, dissipation and dyspepsia, gluttony and gout, hepatitis and hypochondria, cachexia and consumption, but pass on to sufferings more capable of awakening sympathy and agitating the soft sensibilities of our nature.

War may display its battle-fields strewn with the gory corpses, immolated on the altar of glory; but peace, smiling peace, can also show its fields of the slain. These lifeless bodies that press the earth, are not the once haughty forms of warriors. Alas! it is from among the fairest, loveliest, tenderest buds in the garden of society that the grim tyrant Death has untimely gleaned that unripe harvest of horror.

What weapons have done this?

From under a hanging, lowering brow, her head wreathed with hissing reptiles, the gloating eye of envy is fixed upon the senseless limbs of prostrate excellence. Slander, with poisonous foam, exclaiming, dost thou see yon dead figure, stark and stiff? It was once a self-styled philanthropist, whose baby heart I broke. He dared to cross the course of a traitor and scan his schemes. The demon of evil sent me from the darkness of his foul abode to aid his worshipper. I sneered mysteriously at the active benevolence of the fiend's foe—hinted a secret. The suspicions of friends heated his brain into a burning frenzy, the world's neglect chilled him into that cold and livid object.

From such a scene of ghastly, soul-sickening desolation, a revengeful Indian, an inhospitable Arab, when made to understand it, would turn to face the famishing wolf, the ravenous tiger.

Ah! too true it is, that in refined society, in the midst of anxious friends, the internal wounds inflicted upon the soul, kept festering and rankling there by hate, disappointment, and other invisible enemies, fill our church-yards with the too early graves of the many thousands, whose maladies the physician could not reach or guess at.—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Rase out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

Fashion's fools scoff at a broken heart, but many a tongue speaks satires against love, while that same tongue, if the heart and not the head prompted its language, would say that heart was breaking. Now that the whiteness of my locks tells of long experience in the devious ways of the world, I can affirm that I have seen many a fair flower of female beauty, whose tender leaves were withered by the frost of neglect.

In illustrating the various ways by which painful thoughts, sharper than the assassin's dagger, steal away the gem of vitality, the following episode breaks in upon my memory, and I must introduce it into the train of my remarks.

The practice is sanctioned by the greatest essayists, Addison, Steele, and the constellation of which they were bright stars. It is arguing from fact, and will carry conviction of the point I attempt to establish, more certainly than theory, for "what can we reason but from what we know?" It is a melancholy tale of love—"truths severe," but not "in fairy fiction dressed," bearing testimony to those sweet lines of the bard of Avon:—

"For nught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood,

Or else misgrafted in respect of years ;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
Or, if there was a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it."

On the verdant banks of the Hudson, stood a neat little cottage. There, retired from business and the bustling metropolis, an old gentleman tranquilly passed the evening of his life, with his wife, son, and two daughters.

From the giddy eminence of dazzling wealth and splendor, this father had been dragged down into the vale of adversity by one of those sudden revolutions which, following the establishment of our national independence, overthrew that of many individuals. His riches flowing into the coffers of others previously poor, bore them upon the tide of prosperity to the lofty height from which their predecessors had fallen. A sufficiency remained to enable the aged couple, in travelling the downhill journey of their years, to procure the comforts of the road. They hoped to see their children industriously earning themselves a subsistence.

One of their sons was already of high rank in the army; bold, impetuous, and sometimes too rash, yet an excellent young man. One of their daughters living with them in their retreat, was about fourteen years of age, the other eighteen; both of them beautiful, amiable, and accomplished. The latter had more of a city, scientific and fashionable education; the former, since the family quitted the metropolitan circles, being nurtured in seclusion, was the rural belle.

The elder girl, Emily, frequently spent winters in town, among former gay acquaintances, whither her younger brother, about sixteen, who lived at the cottage, occasionally accompanied her, to prosecute his literary pursuits. She was all artlessness and innocence—

"I have marked

A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes."

Emily was tall, large, and sufficiently full in form to make her appear the dignified figure which the world thinks should distinguish a princess. Yet there was nothing masculine in her demeanor. A complexion very fair, the tint on her cheek rivalling the blush of the rose—eyes of light blue, as lovely as if their lustre was borrowed from the azure canopy of heaven—small, pouting lips, like two brilliant rubies—glossy, golden hair, wantoning in profuse ringlets, scarcely restrained by the ribbons and tortoise shell—a high forehead, graceful, slender neck, round and exquisitely formed shoulders, the charms of her features attracting the beholder with a peculiar fascination. But as I can only show her portrait in words, the complete picture must be left to the reader's fancy. Of her person, enough to add that

"Grace was in all her looks—
In every gesture, dignity and love."

In mind, discreet, sensible, elevated, pure and modest—in manners, unobtrusive, possessed of feelings mild, yet quickly susceptible when her esteem permitted her affections to follow. Keenly

alive to all the little attentions which real friends offer each other, and true to her attachments, she was shrewd in perceiving any alteration in the mind of another, however deeply it was attempted to be concealed under the darkness of artifice—however denied by word or smile.

She had rejected many lovers, wealthy, and to most maidens unobjectionable. Although she respected, she did not love them. There was in her breast a native modesty, which seemed a barrier against the arts of suitors. The man who desired to wed her, before he could hope to be listened to on the subject of love, must have become master of her whole soul.

Alas! she met him.

They were introduced to each other one evening in the city, amid sounds of mirth and melody. Around them the young and beautiful were tripping it "on the light fantastic toe," every grace set off to the best advantage by tasteful dress, by the smiles which frolicked in every eye, and the lights reflected from brilliant topazes, rubies and diamonds.

Emily and her new acquaintance danced, talked and laughed together while some of her discarded, yet hoping lovers, gazed upon their new rival with envious eyes.

The next evening he called upon her at her friend's house and was received politely. His visits were frequent, and soon excited the conversation of their respective relatives. Neither mingled in the "festive cheer," of evening parties without the other. She would be seated at her piano, while his flute joined in the sweet sounds of harmony which she produced, and their souls were filled with soft emotions. But when their voices tuned to "the lays of love," poured forth their untamed strains, they almost forgot the world and its cares. For many months successively, Emily would remain in New York, then be followed to her retreat by Edward. They took walks together, rode over the hills and through the vallies, enjoying each others society undisturbed, sailed on the billows of the bay, and talked to each other of the grandeur of the broad ocean before them. The barge bore the lovers under the huge perpendicular rocks, which frown from the New Jersey shores called, "the Pallisades." From the narrow channel they viewed with emotions of awe and delight the lofty scenery of the Highlands, and strayed on their romantic surface through each tangled copse, wild dingle and bushy dell. Now startled at the loud and repeated echoes of the deep thunder's reverberations among the mountains, now listening with pleasure to the gentle rippling of the rivulet, as it hurried down the rough descent of some rude, sequestered glen, like unrequited love, breathing its low murmurs to the silent wilderness—or they plucked the fragrant wild flowers which hung over and dropped their buds into the stream. Their souls mingled in the soft unison, as they "looked through nature up to nature's God."

It could plainly be perceived that Edward had but to ask Emily, and she would gladly consent to bless his heart and hand with the unsullied, unserved affection of her pure and ardent breast, whose hopes of happiness, whose every dream of love, was centered in him and him only.

He did so, she smiled, and referred him to her parents. He flew to their apartment, and threw himself at their feet. They required time to give their answer, and Edward turned again to the gayeties of his native place. His offer was communicated to his parents by Emily's father.

In the physical world, the most furious electrical storms often succeed smiling, summer calms. The pure blue of heaven is suddenly charged with black and portentous clouds, which anon send forth deafening peals, resounding among the hills and shaking the firm earth. The forked lightnings dart their swift-destroying and unseen wrath into the domestic circle, blackening and blasting the house and its trembling inmates.

So it was in the moral atmosphere of Edward and Emily's fate. The friends of both parties, some of them not knowing each other, and none of them partaking of the feelings of the lovers, scouted at the proposed union. Those of Edward ridiculed the idea of a portionless maiden marrying their relative. Those of Emily objected that Edward was just commencing his commercial career, his own small property was embarked on the uncertain ocean, and they could not think why a maid should want a husband unless to become richer.

Emily was now more rarely visited by Edward, and gradually his manner grew more reserved and cold, till, as she foreboded, he seemed to have abandoned the idea of being united to her. Weeks rolled away, months were carried down on the ceaseless tide of time into the fathomless gulf of oblivion, yet Edward came no more.

From Emily's expressions her thoughts seemed to be, that she could have borne the taunts of her relatives, but the neglect of him whom she had selected from all the world, and without whom society was a desert, evidently preyed upon her sensitive and wounded mind.

She pined in silence, and her fine features became "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Her warm affections had wandered o'er many an inviting field in the landscape of human nature, which appeared to her too uncongenial for nurturing their tender blossoms. She had at last found a delightful refuge, the reception was propitious, her sensibilities took root, and in full bloom they suddenly felt the soil around them turning to ice.

Emily was true; but the object of her love, was he false? She sometimes encountered his eye in the crowded city, it only recognized her as a passing acquaintance.

She resorted less often to the town. She became fond of solitude, and by persons hastily entering into her presence was often found in tears, though the cause assigned by her for weeping was obviously too trivial for such an effect. The rose of her features faded, and the lily usurped its place, and her mind at times became so absent, that she answered questions quite wide of their meaning. All guessed her feelings, yet

"She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek;"—

Emily's former suitors rallied with renewed ardor to the attack. She treated them all with civility, but was the same to them as ever, except with more

of melancholy in her demeanor. One of them informed her, that Edward was engaged to be married to a young, fashionable, and opulent lady. She replied not. The placid smile which brightened her countenance, like "light on graves," shone upon lifeless hopes buried in her bosom.

Her mother's sisters told her they wondered why she did not give her hand [to some one among her admirers, each of whom was praised for a variety of good qualities. Jest and jeer, scorn and slander were retailed abundantly against Edward. They hoped to laugh and reason Emily out of her attachment. But like the needle to the north, she was steady and constant.

I frequently saw Edward. He was wrapt in his studies, earnest in his pursuits, frolicked with the gay, and seemed to forget that every careless smile of his, bedewed with a corresponding tear, the soft cheek of a lovely female.

However, in truth he was neither cruel nor thoughtless, but had reconciled himself reluctantly to the sad and stern necessity of remaining single on account of his circumstances. Vague rumors of the altered state of Emily's manner and appearance reached his ear. He imagined that it was the momentary effect of her weakness and folly, and that she would soon forget an engagement, whose fulfilment would only entail upon them both the reproaches of their relatives and their own unhappiness. Yet he eagerly listened to every report about her, and expected soon to hear of her marriage.

Emily gradually declined. Her cheek grew pale and hollow, her form ghastly, her eye sunken and lustreless.

One hot afternoon, about two years after Edward had left her, she was sitting by her father's side on the porch, the jessamine and woodbine clustering in fanciful festoons of nature's weaving around the pillars at the door, and she was shaking the pellucid drops from their buds, wet with a recent shower. The distant hills could scarcely be seen through a heavy, damp mist, which floated lazily and sluggishly along the fields.

"Gracious heavens!" suddenly exclaimed her young brother, who, being at a little distance, rushed towards her, and caught Emily's sinking form. She fell senseless into his arms. The whole family were alarmed. Her brother and father bore her into the open air under the shade of a tree, and fanned and sprinkled cold water on her lovely face and neck. She opened her eyes, and instantly exclaimed, laying her attenuated fingers on the top of her head, "Oh! my brain, it burns!"

She muttered to them, to move her about. They ran up and down the green with her, rubbed her temples, till at last she revived sufficiently to be carried to her bed. There she lingered until the physician pronounced the source of her strange emotions to be some derangement in the organs of the heart.

She was in some degree restored by powerful medicines and brought to town for change of air. Her parents now became alarmed, her young brother invited Edward to the house, as if for some matter of business. He came, conversed with the family, saw Emily, who appeared to be recovering, and was cold and absent as ever.

Sometimes Emily appeared more lively than usual, and hinted at believing Edward was engaged in schemes of obtaining sufficient wealth to overcome all obstacles to their union.

At one of these intervals, on a cold winter's day, to the surprise of all, Edward's name was announced at the door. Emily looked round upon her friends and smiled triumphantly, as if she deemed he had come to fulfil her fond expectations.

He entered, saluted the company, seemed cheerful, yet anxious, while he was conversing on indifferent topics.

"Miss Emily," said he, "may I speak alone with you for a few minutes?" She rose and walked with him into another apartment.

Seated by the fire, Emily endeavored to hide the tumult in her bosom, but Edward seemed to be gay and undisturbed by any unusual sensation, they inquired concerning each other's pastimes—her's of the country and his of the noisy town.

Edward drew some papers from his pocket and handed them to Emily. She looked at them. They were her letters to Edward, filled with confiding expressions, which none but mutual lovers could commit to each other's keeping. Her eye moved not from them. A slight tremor of her now pale lip betrayed her consciousness of some impending evil. "Will you," said he, "return me mine?"

Silently Emily quitted the room, and soon re-entering, handed him the warm effusions of his heart, fervently and fully exhibited in his part of their correspondence, then reaching forward, put into the fire the many testimonials of her affection which Edward no longer valued.

Both viewed without motion, or utterance of a syllable, the burning emblems, the sacrifice of an eternal separation.

Edward rising, took Emily's hand and said, "I hope soon to hear, of your having been made happy with one of your many friends, who will please your parents and connexions better than ever I could." She replied not, but her gaze was still fixed upon the ashes of the papers, as he bade her a kindly adieu.

Long after his departure, Emily's mother entered the room, and found her yet looking into the fire, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

By much entreaty her affectionate parent wrung from her the reluctant relation of the incident which had opened afresh the almost healed wounds of her daughter's soul.

All Emily's air-built castles were now crumbled into ruins. More rapidly than ever, one symptom of dissolution succeeded another in her system. She was resigned to death, "smiling at grief."

"This will not do," said her father.

He at last wrote to Edward, that he no longer had any objections to his daughter's union with him. Edward respectfully returned the letter and said his determination was fixed, but thanked him for his good opinion of his merits.

Emily soon became delirious, she raved about trifles. Her parents, sympathizing in her sorrows, were fast sinking into the silent tomb.

Edward was told of the change and his faith wavered; he began to believe in the reality of constant love, and dreaded that he might become a murderer, by first gaining the affections of a tender

female, then with a ruthless hand tearing their fibres from his heart, around which they had woven themselves too closely to be withdrawn, but by destroying the bosom from which they sprang.

He flew to her silent and shaded apartment, as he entered he was horror struck with its death-like stillness. "Hush!" said her weeping brother, "she is dead!"

A thunderbolt could not have more successfully stunned him into insensibility.

"She is revenged," muttered her brother in a solemn tone.

Edward was lifted to a couch, and means for his re-animation attempted. He opened his eyes which stared on vacancy.

At this moment, Emily's eldest brother, George, entered the room, having just returned from his regiment, brought by the news of his sister's illness and Edward's neglect, and had just heard of his sister's death.

As soon as George beheld Edward, whom he had learned to hate, unable to control his feelings which completely mastered his reason, in a whirlwind of passion, furiously drawing his sword, "Wretch!" exclaimed he, "assassin! do you come, now you have murdered that lovely creature, to triumph in your bloody success?"

With frenzy in his look, he rushed with the weapon pointed to Edward's breast, as Emily's young sister cried out, "he will kill Edward," when a piercing scream arrested the impending blade, which having already entered the bosom, in a moment more would have been sheathed to the hilt in the unfortunate Edward's heart.

It was the shriek of Emily. The words she uttered were the echo of her sister's, "they will kill Edward!"

George sprang to her, raised her in his arms, breathed on her lips, kissed her cheek and wept tears of joy, to hear that beloved voice, which he thought was for ever hushed into the silence of the grave.

Edward, who was not seriously wounded, clasped her in his arms, and soon the return of his affectionate soothing, whose absence had brought her to the brink of death's dark abyss, restored her faculties. She gradually recovered. His attentions re-lit in her eyes, the sparkling smiles of joy, the color returned to her lip, the hue to her cheek, and in time, vivacity to her manners. But she never fully regained the former cloudless serenity of her brow. Her fragrant breath which invited Edward's to mingle with it, as he threw his arm around her neck, could not entice back to her sweet mouth, which Edward kissed with fondness, that deep ruby ripeness, which had formerly been so strongly contrasted with the snowy whiteness of her teeth. The rich bloom on her soft cheek, though less brilliant, assumed the delicate form of a slight blush. And worst of all, disease was entrenched within her bosom, in the very citadel of life.

Nevertheless, the pleasures of the little family were renewed, Edward and Emily became a wedded pair, and still live in comparative health and happiness. Heaven has blessed them with a lovely offspring. Edward soon, by his energies, boldly forced fortune to shower her favors into his lap, and

to dispense them to the parents of his beloved and ever cherished Emily.

The digression I have ventured upon, is an instance from among many, which I have actually beheld of the corroding effects of disappointment, and the revivifying consequences of hopes gratified. In this case, all the evil arose from the too great refinement of a state of society, demanding too great a sacrifice to pecuniary calculations. But even many once "crazed with care," now restored to their senses and blessed with ease, are haunted by an evil spirit of their own creation, the fiend *ennui*. To vary the monotony of existence, new schemes are hourly resorted to, until novelty becomes insipid. Tired of themselves, they endeavor to share with their neighbors the burden of their indifference, and daily "beg their happiness from door to door." Their quiescent energies, scarcely ever quiescent in the savage state, leave a mind in a state of restlessness; no breezes of transport or storms of affliction ruffle its smooth surface, and like "the green mantle of the standing pool," the poison of morbid apathy sheds pestilential vapors o'er the soul. Amid "thick coming fancies" the frame becomes the imaginary victim of a thousand diseases, and the passions gather into fearful disorder. To obtain a refuge from "the wild tempest of the brain," the unfortunate favorite of fortune madly rushes into the oblivion of the grave. Besides "the pangs of disappointed love" and the other evils I have mentioned, I might have dwelt upon "the thousand ills which flesh is heir to,"

"The proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office, the oppressor's wrongs,
The many spurns which patient merit
Of the unworthy takes;"—

but although the subject of this essay claims more discussion, than my present limits allow, enough has been said to show, that though peace and civilization save us from being victims to the human feast in the desert, or a prey to the fierce tiger, the wild passions, suffered to roam unrestrained through our domestic shades, are the raging wolves, and devouring cannibals of a state of refinement.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

I read a few pages, and was amused by the *April day* aspect which they presented ; the various alternations of sadness and gaiety. Some parts of it were obscured by the darkest clouds, and seemed to have been written under the influence of the deepest melancholy and most despairing *home-sickness* ; while on others, a ray of sun-light would seem to fall, showing that the words which they contained had been dictated by a calm and even *happy* temperament.

I read on with increasing interest ; not that I found any thing at all attractive in the style, or even in the trivial events themselves, but I do love to penetrate the long vistas of days gone by—to dwell upon those scenes and events which are past, never to return, but which will *never, never* fade from the penetrating eye of memory. Though now an *old lady*, who has numbered in years more than half a century, still, strange as it may seem, I can participate in my own feelings when a *boarding-school Miss* of fourteen.

But, to return to my 'diary'—I continued its perusal, sometimes laughing heartily at the *roguish frolics*, of which it was too often the recorder, and then again smiling mournfully or even bestowing a tear of sympathy as the words 'home-sick,' 'discouraged,' 'never can be happy in Greenfield,' and similar oft-repeated expressions of despondency met my eye. While thus rapidly glancing along these pages,—the mirrors of the past—my attention was arrested by the account of *one* day, which appeared to have been so serene and happy—so different in aspect from those which had preceded it, that I could not help comparing it to one little solitary spot of clear blue, seen through an opening in a thick veil of clouds overshadowing the sky. It contained a description of a *ride* on horse-back, in which I had accompanied my kind preceptor to a place which was then called *Deerfield Mountain* ; I know not by what new

appellation it may be distinguished by the present generation. The description shall be given in the same words which I found in the journal.

‘ It was a beautiful, warm afternoon in July, and at half past two o’clock, we had mounted our horses, and were beyond the gates of G. H. S. At a short distance from the seminary we were joined by the rest of our party, consisting of a fellow boarder, with her brother, who were in a carriage.

‘ We then proceeded on our route. A delightful ride brought us to the base of the mountain, where those in the carriage were obliged to leave it and walk up the acclivity. My preceptor and myself, however, still continued to ride along the mountain path, under the most delightful shade, rendered still more agreeable from the glaring sun and dusty road we had just left. We pursued this path until the thickly interlacing boughs overhead began to render our proceeding farther, without some inconvenience, a matter of doubt. Accordingly we dismounted, and while Mr. J. secured our horses, I began scrambling up the rugged hill before me, delighted at again recovering the use of my feet, but still more so in the prospect which lay around me ; for it forcibly reminded me of my own green hills and woods, which I had left far behind me in Vermont. While engaged in these mournful yet pleasing recollections, I was overtaken by my preceptor : we were soon at the summit of the rock which commands the principal view, and certainly a more lovely and interesting prospect than that which was now spread out before us, I never beheld.

‘ The cliff on which we stood was at an immense height, and projected over the edge of the precipice which descended almost perpendicularly from it to the level meadows below, and as we stood perched on its dizzy summit, we seemed suspended between heaven and earth, while the scene at our feet lay like a little world of enchantment, which had sprung up obedient to the wand of some kind fairy—so diminished was every object, by the distance, and so contrasted was its calm and sunny repose to the wild wood scene of grey, frowning rocks, and tall old trees, the growth of centuries which lay around us.

A long line of meadows, mantled in the brightest green, stretched their level range along the banks of a lovely river, whose pure wave, as it flashed out at intervals in the sunshine,

seemed composed of liquid silver. Fancy might love to call it the spirit of some good genius, which had assumed this form, that it might wander forever among the scenes it loved so well, marking its course with fertility and beauty.

‘The unbroken verdure of the meadows, which, though beautiful indeed, would otherwise have wearied the eye and the imagination, ever seeking variety—was variegated by several lovely villages, reposing, as it were, on the banks of the river, each with its own peculiar tapering spire, rising above the *grove of trees* which forms so distinguishing a feature of the villages in the southern part of New England, as if it would fain reach the blue heaven above it; and all around it, white cottages looked timidly out from their green coverts like the delicate flowers of the jasmine among their dark leaves. This view was bounded, as is common in New England scenery, by an extensive amphitheatre of hills, varying in hue as they receded in the distance, from the bright green of the foremost and lowest range to the dim, hazy, bluish cast of the loftiest and most distant, which is scarce distinguishable from the sky itself. Above them all, on the left, towered *Mount Tom*, in blue majesty.

‘My companion left me gazing in admiration on this scene, to go in search of the rest of our party, whom we had not seen since they alighted at the base of the mountain. In a few moments the rustling of his departing footsteps, over the dry leaves, had ceased to be heard, and I was left alone amid the wild solitude of nature. *Alone*, did I say? *Nature’s God* was there, and I heard his voice in the low, scarce audible hum of the insects around me, and the light motion of the leaves above my head, as the breeze played gently among them: the very air seemed filled with music ‘not of earth.’ No other sound broke on the stillness, save the occasional *halloo* with which my preceptor endeavored to rally our lost companions. I stood for a moment in silent delight, and then the idea occurred to me that I would undertake a little ‘*exploring expedition*’ among the surrounding woods. I accordingly left the point of rock, and began forcing my way through the closely interwoven branches overhead, and the still more tangled brush-wood beneath my feet.

‘I soon perceived, through an opening in the trees, another rock, similar to the one I had left, and immediately began to make my way towards it, hoping to discover another point of

view ; but on arriving at its edge, I found that a cluster of trees, which had been before unobserved, raised their proud heads from beneath the rock, entirely obstructing my view of the landscape, or permitting only such glimpses to be visible as could be discovered through the opening of the boughs. Thus disappointed, I was returning, when looking down to a ledge of rock lower than the one on which I was standing, I saw the slender stalk, of a *blue bell* rising tall and straight, and crowned with two twin flowers, which raised their delicate heads on the parent stalk, and seemed gazing up to that heaven whose tints were scarcely more brightly blue than their own. All around them was the barren and desolate rock, from whose very face they seemed to spring ; not a flower bloomed near, but there they grew,—those lovely ones,—in lonely beauty. I determined to obtain them at all risks, and prepared to descend the rock. Having slowly reached the spot where they grew, I plucked them from their lonely station and regained the summit with my prize. Here, while examining triumphantly their brilliant tints, the thought for the first time flashed on my mind, how cruel I had been. “Who knows,” thought I, “if this fragile stalk, with its crown of delicate bells, may not have been planted on the lonely rock from which I have torn it, by some band of fairies, who, having taken the twin flowers under their special protection, had placed them there alone, on the bosom of the bleak, stern rock, that they might be far away from the cold world’s grasp,—far away from the sullying touch of frail mortals. And how unlucky, then, was the adventurous foot which has thus unconsciously trespassed upon fairy boundaries ; how cruel the rough hand which has thus rudely parted you from your lonely retreat, sweet flowers ! While thus bewailing my own thoughtlessness and the sad fate of these imaginary elfin favorites, I was joined by my preceptor and the others of our party, whom he had succeeded in finding, and their conversation soon banished from my mind all farther thought of my two bright mountain bells.

‘After wandering about and admiring the prospect until the gradual approach of the sun to the horizon warned us that time, at least, had not forgotten his rapid flight, however unmindful we might be of it,—we began slowly and reluctantly to descend the mountain, casting many a “lingering look behind” at the lovely scene to which we were about to bid “good night.”

‘ Arrived at the spot where we had left our horses, we found the poor creatures waiting our return, with a patience truly commendable. Our return, which was by a different route from that we had taken in coming, was, if possible, even more delightful.

‘ The road wound through a beautiful country, clothed in all the rich luxuriance of the season, varied here and there by some small but lovely hamlet, and enlivened by the constant, and yet ever sweet music of some pebbly stream, dancing and singing gaily along, apparently contented with its humble station, and even *proud* to be called the *tributary*, perhaps, to some *branch* of the *great Connecticut*. The air was cool, for a fresh breeze had awakened from its noon-tide sleep, and, rousing itself from its green covert, was now dancing through the air on light and joyous wings, purifying it of its sultriness.

‘ After riding for some time through this rich level country we entered the shade of a thick wood. All around, the trees raised their lofty heads, and seemed to look down upon us with something of contempt. Unbroken silence reigned among those dark shades, save when the mysterious voice of that lonely bird which is heard in the mystic glades of the forest when all else is still as death,—echoed through the gothic arches formed by the interlacing boughs overhead, like the voice of some lone spirit, bewailing the solitude and apparent desolation of all around. At intervals the declining sun flashed his rays through the thick foliage, producing the most beautiful varieties of light and shade, and showing what a glory there was burning behind the dark scenes of the wood; like the partial illumination which flashed from the image of the Egyptian *Isis*, before the mystic veils of the sanctuary were raised, and the full splendor of its glories broke on the dazzled eyes of the Initiate. Such a scene as this would, at any time, have veiled my mind with a tissue of pleasing melancholy, even had it been entirely unconnected with associations of the past;—but now, as I looked on the tall pines which raised their dark, frowning brows to the clouds, and the delicate leaves of the beautiful maple spreading their soft shade around, fancy bore me back on rapid wings to the “Green Mountain home” I had so recently left.

‘ Again the sweet voices of friends came on my ear in low, breathing accents, like the whisperings of the summer breeze

among the flowers ; their bright forms clustered around me, and the radiant smiles which mantled every countenance, seemed to welcome the wanderers *home*. As a ray of sun-light darted through the trees, I imagined I could even see, as my eye penetrated the long vistas of foliage, the church-spires of my own sweet village rising in the air. So rapidly did these dear images cluster around me, that my feelings amounted almost to agony, and I was glad when, after riding a short distance farther, we left the silent wood and emerged into the open country, where the life and activity which animated the scene on all sides, served to divert my thoughts from their melancholy channel. We were now entering the village of G——, and being much fatigued by my long ride I was not sorry to behold the white walls of the *High School*, rising on the view in solemn beauty. We soon reached the principal portal of this great *strong hold*, on entering which, we were saluted by shouts and the waving of handkerchiefs, and other demonstrations of welcome from the young ladies of the seminary, who had assembled in the yard thus to manifest their joy at our safe return after so long an absence.

‘ This has been a happy day ; *one* of the happiest, perhaps the most so, which I have yet spent in Greenfield. It is a day which I shall never forget ; and though the clouds of the future may partially dim the brightness of the remembrance, still it shall never quite fade away, but endure, “ like the perfume of the withered rose, until life itself shall end.”

C.

Greenfield High School, July 29, 1835.

GREENFIELD INSTITUTION FOR YOUNG LADIES.

MRS HALE, — You had the goodness, sometime since, to offer a place in your Magazine, for any statements which I might wish to lay before the public, respecting the Institution under my charge. But if you will insert in your next number, in place of anything from myself, the following extracts from a letter of the Rev. Dr Palmer, of Charleston, S. C., addressed to one of the professors of Yale College, you will do me an essential favor.

I would only add, that an 'Outline' of the system of education pursued, including the terms, and accompanied by a print of the establishment, and the catalogue for the last year, will be forwarded to any applicant.

I am very respectfully yours,

HENRY JONES.

Greenfield, 28th Feb. 1834.

'**MY DEAR SIR**, — After having spent a fortnight very pleasantly, and I would hope not unprofitably, in the family of the Rev. Mr Jones, in Greenfield, Mass. I feel as if I could not leave this part of the country without bearing my strong and decided testimony in favor of himself and his valuable lady, and of the interesting literary institution under their care.

'I have no where in my travels met with a seminary for young ladies, which, for the exceeding pleasantness and healthiness of its location, the spaciousness, variety, and suitableness of its accommodations, and the attention and fidelity of the instructor and instructresses, and the advantages of almost every kind for the improvement of young ladies in manners, morals, and literature, I could consider equal to this. I attended a number of the recitations and was highly gratified with the mode of instruction, the happy, familiar, intelligible, and interesting manner in which information was communicated to the pupils. Mr Jones I consider peculiarly calculated for the important

sphere he occupies; he has the happy talent, I think, in a much more than ordinary degree, of attaching his pupils, and exciting their confidence, while at the same time, he faithfully exacts of them promptness and punctuality, and, if I may so express it, *thoroughness* in the performance of their duties. The same remark, as far as my observations extended, I feel no hesitation in making with reference, generally, to the ladies associated with him in communicating instruction.

‘I have had a ward in his family and school two years, who has improved in her habits and manners, as well as in her education, in a degree very satisfactory to Mrs P. and myself; and we are happy in the intention of leaving our own daughter to pass a twelvemonth under their united charge.

‘Perhaps I ought to add, that parents, who are desirous of surrounding their children, while in a course of literary instruction, with a salutary religious influence, may with great confidence commit them to the care of Mr and Mrs Jones; in addition to the ordinary advantages of morning and evening devotion, I observed on Sabbath evenings, that exercises of an appropriate and impressive religious character were made to follow the more public privileges of the sanctuary.

‘I have thus in an informal manner, thrown together a few general thoughts in reference to the institution at Greenfield, which I commit to your discretion. If they can, all or any of them, be rendered subservient to the interests of that seminary, or the worthy persons who have the charge of it, you are at liberty to make such use of this communication as to your judgment may seem best.

‘I am with much respect and affection, yours,

B. M. PALMER.’

New Haven, 15th Sept. 1833.

HANNAH LEE.

A TALE.

Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sitting by their cheerful peat-fire one winter evening, in a small lonely hut, on the edge of a wide moor, at some miles distance from any other habitation. There had been, at one time, several huts of the same kind erected close together, and inhabited by families of the poorest class of day-laborers who found work among the distant farms, and at night returned to dwellings which were rent-free, with their little gardens won from the waste. But one family after another had dwindled away, and the turf-built huts had all fallen into ruins, except one that had always stood in the centre of this little solitary village with its summer walls covered with the richest honeysuckles, and in the midst of the brightest of all the gardens. It alone now sent up its smoke into the clear winter sky—and its little end window, now lighted up, was the only ground star that shone towards the belated traveller, if any such ventured to cross, on a winter night, a scene so dreary and desolate. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The little rough pony that had drawn in a sledge, from the heart of the Black-Moss, the fuel by whose blaze the cotters were now sitting cheerfully, and the little Highland cow, whose milk enabled them to live, were standing amicably together, under cover of a rude shed, of which one side was formed by the peat-stack, and which was at once byre, and stable, and hen-roost. Within the clock ticked cheerfully as the fire-light reached its old oak-wood case across the yellow-sanded floor—and a small round table stood between, covered with a snow-white cloth, on which were milk and oat-cakes, the morning, midday, and evening meal of these frugal and contented cotters. The spades and the mattocks of the laborer were collected into one corner, and showed that the succeeding day was the blessed Sabbath—while on the wooden chimney-piece was seen lying an open Bible ready for family worship.

The father and the mother were sitting together without opening their lips, but with their hearts overflowing with happiness, for on this Saturday night they were, every minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their only daughter, a maiden of about fifteen years, who was at service with a farmer over the hills. This dutiful child was, as they knew, to bring home to them her 'sair-worn penny fee,' a pittance which, in the beauty of her girlhood, she earned singing at her work, and which, in the benignity of that sinless time, she would pour with tears into the bosoms she so dearly loved. Forty shillings a year were all the wages of sweet Hannah Lee—but though she wore at her labor a tortoise-shell comb in her auburn hair, and though in the kirk none were more becomingly arrayed than she, one half, at least, of her earnings were to be reserved for the holiest of all purposes, and her kind innocent heart

was gladdened when she looked on the little purse that was, on the long expected Saturday night, to be taken from her bosom, and put, with a blessing, into the hand of her father, now growing old at his daily toils.

Of such a child the happy cotters were thinking in their silence. And well, indeed, might they be called happy. It is at that sweet season that filial piety is most beautiful. Their own Hannah had just outgrown the mere unthinking gladness of childhood, but had not reached that time, when inevitable selfishness mixes with the pure current of love. She had begun to think on what her affectionate heart had felt so long; and when she looked on the pale face and bending frame of her mother, on the deepening wrinkles and whitening hairs of her father, often would she lie weeping for their sakes on her midnight bed—and wish that she were beside them as they slept, that she might kneel down and kiss them, and mention their names over and over again in her prayer. The parents whom before she had only loved, her expanding heart now also venerated. With gushing tenderness was now mingled a holy fear and an awful reverence. She had discerned the relation in which she, an only child, stood to her poor parents, now that they were getting old, and there was not a passage in Scripture that spake of parents or of children, from Joseph sold into slavery, to Mary weeping below the Cross, that was not written, never to be obliterated, on her uncorrupted heart.

The father rose from his seat, and went to the door to look out into the night. The stars were in thousands—and the full moon was risen. It was almost light as day, and the snow that seemed incrustated with diamonds, was so hardened by the frost, that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface. He had been toiling all day among the distant Castle woods, and, stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go to meet his child—but his wife's kind voice dissuaded him, and, returning to the fireside, they began to talk of her whose image had been so long passing before them in their silence.

'She is growing up to be a bonny lassie,' said the mother; 'her long and weary attendance on me during my fever last spring kept her down awhile—but now she is sprouting fast and fair as a lily, and may the blessing of God be as dew and sunshine to our sweet flower all the days she bloometh upon the earth.'—'Ay, Agnes,' replied the father, 'we are not very old yet—though we are getting older—and a few years will bring her to woman's estate, and what thing on this earth, think ye, human or brute, would ever think of injuring her? Why, I was speaking about her yesterday to the minister as he was riding by, and he told me that none answered at the examination in the kirk so well as Hannah. Poor thing—I well think she has all the Bible by heart—indeed she has read but

little else—only some stories, too true ones, of the blessed martyrs, and some of the auld sangs o' Scotland, in which there is nothing but what is good, and which to be sure, she sings, God bless her, sweeter than any laverock,'—'Ay—were we both to die this very night, she would be happy. Not that she would forget us, all the days of her life. But have you not seen, husband, that God always makes the orphan happy? None so little lonesome as they! They come to make friends of all the bonny and sweet things in the world around them, and all the kind hearts in the world make friends o' them. They come to know that God is more especially the father o' them on earth whose parents he has taken up to heaven—and therefore it is that they, for whom so many have fears, fear not at all for themselves, but go dancing and singing along like children whose parents are both alive; Would it not be so with our dear Hannah? So douce and thoughtful a child—but never sad nor miserable—ready, it is true, to shed tears for little, but as ready to dry them up and break out into smiles! I know not why it is, husband, but this night my heart warms toward her beyond usual. The moon and stars are at this moment looking down upon her, and she is looking up to them, as she is glinting homewards over the snow. I wish she were but here, and taking the comb out o' her bonny hair, and letting it all fall down in clusters before the fire to melt away the cran-reuch?'

While the parents were thus speaking of their daughter, a loud sigh of wind came suddenly over the cottage, and the leafless ash-tree, under whose shelter it stood, creaked and groaned dismally as it passed by. The father started up, and, going again to the door, saw that a sudden change had come over the face of the night. The moon had nearly disappeared, and was just visible in a dim, yellow glimmering den in the sky. All the remote stars were obscured, and only one or two faintly seemed in a sky that half an hour before was perfectly cloudless, but that was now driving with rack, and mist, and sleet, the whole atmosphere being in commotion. He stood for a single moment to observe the direction of the unforeseen storm, and then hastily asked for his staff. 'I thought I had been more weatherwise. A storm is coming down from the Cairnbraehawse, and we shall have nothing but a wild night.' He then whistled on his dog—an old sheep-dog, too old for its former labors—and set off to meet his daughter, who might then, for aught he knew, be crossing the Black-moss. The mother accompanied her husband to the door, and took a long frightened look at the angry sky. As she kept gazing, it became still more terrible. The last shred of blue was extinguished—the wind went whirling in roaring eddies, and great flakes of snow circled about in the middle air, whether drifted up from the ground, or driven down from the clouds, the fear-stricken mother knew not, but she at least knew that it seemed a night of danger, despair, and death. 'Lord have mercy on us, James! what will become of our poor bairn?' But her husband heard not her words, for he was already out of sight in the snow storm, and she was left to the terror of her own soul in that lonesome cottage.

Little Hannah Lee had left her master's house soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence. As she glided on, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her, by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow;—friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls around her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black-moss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Serac, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow storm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song; and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow on her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow storm had now reached the Black-moss, and the broad line of light, that had lain in the direction of her home, was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled, and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

'It is a fearful change,' muttered the child to herself, but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. 'What will become of the poor sheep?' thought she,—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity of others' sorrow. At last, she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wild-fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted,—and, shedding tears for herself, at last sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in

the snow,—of a mother and child frozen to death on that very moor,—and, in a moment, she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep, for death was terrible to her, who, though poor enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her,—so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work, happy in her sleep, happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child, and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen the year through, in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this,—she was to be frozen to death—and lie there till the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirk-yard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed; and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. 'I will repeat the Lord's Prayer.' And drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its insectual cover; Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,—thy kingdom came,—thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not see her—ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity—and that little sinless child was lying in the snow, beneath the all-seeing eye of God,

The maiden having prayed to her Father in heaven, then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated! The father was lying but a short distance from his child;—he too had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation, that could rise in a father's heart, blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

There was all this while ablazing fire in the cottage—a white-spread table—and beds prepared for the family to lie down in peace. Yet was she who sat therein more to be pitied than the old man and the child stretched upon the snow. 'I will not go to seek them—that would betempting Providence—and wilfully putting out the lamp of life. No! I will abide here, and pray for their souls.' Then as she knelt down, looked she at the useless fire burning away so cheerfully, when all she loved might be dying of cold; and, unable to bear the thought, she shrieked out a prayer, as if she might pierce the sky up to the very throne of God, and send with it her own miserable soul to plead before him for the deliverance of her child and husband. She then fell down in blessed forgetfulness of that bright

burning hearth—and the Bible, which she had been trying to read in the pauses of her agony, remained clasped in her hands.

Hannah Lee had been a servant for more than six months; and it was not to be thought, that she was not beloved in her master's family. Soon after she had left the house, her master's son, a youth of about eighteen years, who had been among the hills looking after the sheep, came home, and was disappointed to find that he had lost an opportunity of accompanying Hannah part of the way to her father's cottage. But the hour of eight had gone by, and not even the company of young William Grieve could induce the kind-hearted daughter to delay setting out on her journey a few minutes beyond the time promised to her parents. 'I do not like the night,' said William—'there will be a fresh fall of snow soon, or the Witch of Glen-Skrae is a liar, for a snow cloud is hanging o'er the Birch-tree-linn, and it may be down to the Black-moss as soon as Hannah Lee.' So he called his two sheep-dogs, that had taken their place under the long table before the window, and set out, half in joy half in fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely across the Black-moss.

The snow began to drift so fast, that before he had reached the head of the glen, there was nothing to be seen but a little bit of the wooden rail of the bridge across the Sauch-burn. William Grieve was the most active shepherd in a large pastoral parish; he had often passed the night among the wintry hills, for the sake of a few sheep, and all the snow that ever fell from heaven would not have made him turn back when Hannah Lee was before him; and as his terrified heart told him, in imminent danger of being lost. As he advanced, he felt that it was no longer a walk of love or friendship, for which he had been glad of an excuse. Death stared him in the face, and his young soul, now beginning to feel all the passions of youth, was filled with frenzy. He had seen Hannah every day—at the fireside—at work—in the kirk—on holidays—at prayers—bringing supper to his aged parents—smiling and singing about the house from morning till night. She had often brought his own meal to him among the hills; and he now found that though that he had never talked to her about love; except smilingly and playfully, that he loved her beyond father or mother, or his own soul. 'I will save thee, Hannah,' he cried with a loud sob, 'or lie down beside thee in the snow and we will die together in our youth.' A wild whistling wind went by him, and the snow flakes whirled so fiercely round his head, that he staggered on for a while in utter blindness. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forward shouting aloud, and stopping every twenty yards to listen for a voice. He sent his well trained dogs over the snow in all directions—repeating to them her name, 'Hannah Lee,' that the dumb animals, might in their sagacity, know for whom they were searching; and as they looked up in his face, and set off to scour the moor, he almost believed that they knew his meaning (and it is probable they did) and were eager to find in her bewilderment the kind maiden by whose hands they had so often been fed. Often went they off into the darkness, and as often returned, but their looks showed that every quest had

been in vain. Meanwhile the snow was of fearful depth, and falling without intermission or diminution. Had the young shepherd been thus alone, walking across the moor on his ordinary business, it is probable that he might have been alarmed for his own safety—nay, that, in spite of all his strength and agility, he might have sunk down beneath the inclemency of the night, and perished. But now the passion of his soul carried him with supernatural strength along, and extricated him from wreath and pitfall. Still there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee—and one of his dogs at last came close to his feet, worn out entirely, and afraid to leave its master; while the other was mute, and as the shepherd thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hollow, or through some floundering drift. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead; and dashed himself down in the snow in a fit of passion. It was the first time the youth had ever been sorely tried—all his hidden and unconscious love for the fair lost girl had flowed up from the bottom of his heart; and at once the sole object which had blessed his life, and made him the happiest of the happy, was taken away and cruelly destroyed—so that, sullen, wrathful baffled, and despairing, there he lay, cursing his existence, and in too great agony to think of prayer. ‘God,’ he then thought, ‘has forsaken me;—and why should he think on me, when he suffers one so good and beautiful as Hannah to be frozen to death.’ God thought both of him and Hannah, and through his infinite mercy forgave the sinner in his wild turbulence of passion. William Grieve had never gone to bed without joining in prayer; and he revered the Sabbath day, and kept it holy. Much is forgiven to the human heart by Him who so fearfully framed it; and God is not slow to pardon the love which one human being bears to another, in his frailty—even though that love forget or arraign his own unsleeping Providence. His voice has told us to love one another—and William loved Hannah in simplicity, innocence, and truth. That she should perish was a thought so dreadful, that in its agony God seemed a ruthless being—‘Blow—blow—blow, and drift us forever—we cannot be far asunder—O Hannah—Hannah—think ye not that the fearful God has forsaken us?’

As the boy groaned these words passionately through his lips, there was a sudden lowness in the air, and he heard the barking of his absent dog, while the one at his feet hurried off in the direction of the sound, and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise, or anger, or fear, but of recognition and love. William sprung up from his bed in the snow, and with his heart knocking at his bosom even to sickness, he rushed headlong through the drifts with a giant’s strength, and fell down half dead with joy and terror beside the body of Hannah Lee.

But he soon recovered from that fit, and, lifting the cold corpse in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a long deep sigh came from her inmost bosom. ‘She is yet alive, thank God!’ and as that expression left his lips, for the first time that night he felt a pang of remorse: ‘I said, O God, that thou hadst forsaken us; I am not worthy to be

saved; but let not this maiden perish, for the sake of her parents, who have no other child.’ The distracted youth prayed to God with the same earnestness as if he had been beseeching a fellow creature, in whose hand was the power of life and death. The presence of the Great Being was felt by him in the dark and howling wild, and strength was imparted to him as a deliverer. He bore along the fair child in his arms, even as if she had been a lamb. The snow-drift blew not—the wind fell dead—a sort of glimmer, like that of an upbreathing and departing storm, gathered about him—his dogs barked, and jumped, and burrowed joyfully in the snow—and the youth, strong in sudden hope, exclaimed, ‘With the blessing of God, who has not deserted us in our sore distress, will I carry thee, Hannah, in my arms, and lay thee down alive in the house of thy father.’ At this moment there were no stars in heaven, but she opened her dim blue eyes upon him in whose arms she was unconsciously lying, and said, as in a dream. ‘Send the ribbon that ties up my hair, as a keepsake to William Grieve.’—‘She thinks that she is on her death-bed, and forgets not the son of her master. It is the voice of God that tells me she will not now die, and that, under his grace, I shall be her deliverer.’

The short-lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William could attend to the beloved being on his bosom. The warmth of his bosom seemed to infuse life into hers; and as he gently placed her feet in the snow, till he muffled her up in his plaid, as well as in her own, she made an effort to stand, and with extreme perplexity and bewilderment faintly inquired where she was, and what fearful catastrophe had befallen them? She was, however, too weak to walk; and as her young master carried her along, she murmured, ‘O William! what if my father be in the moor?—For if you, who need care so little about me, have come hither, as I suppose, to save my life, you may be sure that my father sat not within doors during the storm.’ As she spoke, it was calm below, but the wind was still alive in the upper air, and cloud, rack, mist, and sleet were all driving about in the sky. Out shone for a moment the pallid and ghostly moon, through a rent in the gloom, and by that uncertain light came staggering forward the figure of a man. ‘Father—father—’ cried Hannah—and his grey hairs were already on her cheek. The barking of the dogs and the shouting of the young shepherd had struck his ear, as the sleep of death was stealing over him, and with the last effort of benumbed nature he had roused himself from that fatal torpor, and pressed through the snow wreath that had separated him from his child. As yet they knew not of the danger each had endured—but each judged of the other’s sufferings from their own, and father and daughter regarded one another as creatures rescued and hardly yet rescued, from death. But a few minutes ago, and the three human beings who loved each other so well, and now feared not to cross the moor in safety, were, as they thought, on their deathbeds. Deliverance now shone upon them all like a gentle fire, dispelling that pleasant but deadly drowsiness; and the old man was soon able to assist William Grieve in leading Hannah along through the snow. Her color and her warmth returned, and her lover—for so might he well now be

called—felt her heart gently beating against his side. Filled as that heart was with gratitude to God, joy in her deliverance, love to her father, and purest affection to her master's son, never before had the innocent maiden known what was happiness—and never more was she to forget it. The night was now almost calm, and fast returning to its former beauty, when the party saw the first twinkle of the fire through the low window of the cottage of the moor. They soon were at the garden gate; and to relieve the wife and mother within, they talked loud and cheerfully, naming each other familiarly, and laughing between, like persons who had known neither danger nor distress.

No voice answered from within—no footstep came to the door, which stood open as when the father had left it in his fear, and now he thought with affright that his wife, feeble as she was, had been unable to support the loneliness, and had followed him out into the night, never to be brought home alive. As they bore Hannah into the house, this fear gave away to worse, for there upon the hard clay floor lay the mother upon her face, as if murdered by some savage blow. She was in the same deadly swoon into which she had fallen on her husband's departure three hours before. The old man raised her up, and her pulse was still—so was her heart—her face pale and sunken—and her body cold as ice. 'I have recovered a daughter,' said the old man, 'but I have lost a wife;' and he carried her, with a groan, to the bed, on which he laid her lifeless body. The sight was too much for Hannah, worn out as she was, and who had hitherto been able to support herself, in the delightful expectation of gladdening her mother's heart by her safe arrival. She, too, now swooned away; and, as she was placed on the bed beside her mother, it seemed indeed that death disappointed of his prey on the wild moor, had seized it in the cottage, and by the fireside. The husband knelt down by the bedside, and held his wife's icy hand in his, while William Grieve, appalled and awe-stricken, hung over his Hannah, and inwardly implored God that the night's wild adventure might not have so ghastly an end. But Hannah's young heart soon began once more to heat; and, as soon as she came to her recollection, she rose up with a face whiter than ashes, and free from all smiles, as if none had ever played there, and joined her father and young master in their efforts to restore her mother to life.

It was the mercy of God that had struck her down to the earth, insensible to the shrieking winds, and the fears that would otherwise have killed her. Three hours of that wild storm had passed over her head, and she heard nothing more than if she had been asleep in a breathless night of the summer dew. Not even a dream had touched her brain, and when she opened her eyes, which, as she thought, had been but a moment shut, she had scarcely time to recall to her recollection the image of her husband rushing out into the storm, and of a daughter therein lost, till she beheld that very husband kneeling tenderly by her bedside, and that very daughter smoothing the pillow on which her aching temple reclined. But she knew, from the white steadfast countenances before her, that there had been tribulation and deliverance, and she looked on the beloved beings ministering by her bed, as more

fearfully dear to her from the unimagined danger from which she felt assured that they had been rescued by the arm of the Almighty.

There is little need to speak of returning recollection and returning strength. They had all now power to weep, and power to pray. The Bible had been lying in its place ready for worship; and the father read aloud that chapter in which is narrated our Saviour's act of miraculous power, by which he saved Peter from the sea. Soon as the solemn thoughts awakened by that act of mercy, so similar to that which had rescued themselves from death, had subsided, and they all had risen up from prayer, they had gathered themselves in gratitude round the little table which had stood many hours spread; and exhausted nature was strengthened and restored by a frugal and simple meal, partaken of in silent thankfulness. The whole story of the night was then calmly recited; and when the mother heard how the stripling had followed her sweet Hannah into the storm, and borne her in his arms through a hundred drifted heaps—and then looked upon her in her pride, so young, so innocent and so beautiful she knew, that were the child indeed to become an orphan, there was one, who, if there was either trust in nature, or truth in religion would guard and cherish her all the days of her life.

It was not nine o'clock when the storm came down from Glen-Srae upon the Black-moss, and now in a pause of silence the clock struck twelve. Within these three hours William and Hannah had led a life of trouble and of joy, that had enlarged and kindled their hearts within them; and they felt that henceforth they were to live wholly for each other's sakes. His love was the proud and exulting love of a deliverer who, under Providence, had saved from the frost and the snow the innocence and the beauty of which his young passionate heart had been so desperately enamored; and he now thought of his own Hannah Lee ever moving about in his father's house, not as a servant, but as a daughter—and when some few happy years had gone by, his own most beautiful and most loving wife. The innocent maiden still called him her young master; but was not ashamed of the holy affection which she now knew that she had long felt for the fearless youth on whose bosom she had thought herself dying in that cold and miserable moor. Her heart leapt within her when she heard her parents bless him by his name; and when he took her hand into his before them, and vowed before that Power who that night saved them from the snow, that Hannah Lee should ere long be his wedded wife, she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break in a fit of strange and insupportable happiness.

The young shepherd rose to bid them farewell—'My father will think I am lost,' said he with a grave smile, 'and my Hannah's mother knows what it is to fear for a child. So nothing was said to detain him, and the family went with him to the door. The skies smiled as serenely as if a storm had never swept before the stars—the moon was sinking from her meridian, but in cloudless splendor—and the hollow of the hills was hushed as that of heaven. Danger, there was none over the placid night-scene—the happy youth soon crossed the Black-moss, and entered his father's house in safety.

JOHNNY VANDERBOCKER.

. A TALE.

THE reader who has ever been in the pleasant town of Herkimer, in New-York, may know something of Johnny Vanderbocker, a neat, square-built Dutch lad, who was a great favorite among the ladies of that place, a few years back. The reason of his popularity with the fair, I could never exactly learn; for he was the most uncomely youth that a traveller could meet between Albany and Buffalo. Perhaps it might have been in consequence of his expectations; for his father, who was a baker, was said to have several hundreds of silver dollars, locked up in an oaken chest which stood by his bedside; and as he had always permitted John to roam about the village, without paying the least attention to his education or conduct, it seemed very evident that he intended to make him his heir. Perhaps it might have been owing to his good nature; for to tell the truth, there was not a better tempered lad in the whole country. Whatever else might be said in disparagement of John, all admitted that he was a well-conditioned creature, and had not the least harm in him. He would lie for hours, under the shade of a great willow which stood before his father's door, looking at the sky, or crawl about the grass, hunting for four-leaved clover; and no change in the weather, nor other cross accidents, was ever known to disturb his serenity. In this respect he was a fair example of the influence of circumstances; for having been *raised*, as we say in the West—by a baker, it was naturally to be expected that his heart should be *light*.

After all, he might owe his favor with the female public to his musical abilities, which were certainly remarkable. When quite small, he was an adept at playing on the jew's harp, and the boys and girls would crowd around him to listen to his melody, as if he had been another Orpheus. As he grew older he took to the violin, and his services began to be in request. A man may always fiddle his way through this world; no matter whether he play for love or money, whether he is a hired musician, or an amateur, fiddling is a genteel, popular, and profitable employment. Johnny was now a regular and an acceptable visitor at all the tea parties, quiltings, and house raisings, in and around the town, and never did any human being fill a station with more propriety than he did the responsible post of fiddler. By nature he was taciturn, a lover of sleep, a healthy eater, and fond of an inspiring beverage; qualifications, which, if they be not proofs of musical genius, may at least be set down as the appropriate accomplishments of a connoisseur in the science of sweet sounds. Seated in an easy chair—for he loved a comfortable position—he would throw back his head, close his eyes, open his huge mouth, and fiddle away for a whole night, without exhibiting the least sign of vitality, except in his elbow and fingers. Often when a dance was ended, he would continue to play on until admonished that his labors were unnecessary; but when

a new set took the floor, it was only requisite to give Johnny a smart jog, and off he went again like a machine set in motion. When refreshments were brought him, he poured into the vast crater which performed the functions of a mouth, whatever was offered, and more than once has he swallowed the contents of an inkstand, smacked his lips over a dose of Peruvian bark, or pronounced a glass of sharp vinegar "humming stuff."

Thus passed the halcyon days of Johnny Vanderbocker, until the completion of his twenty-first year, when an event occurred which entirely changed the tenor of his life. This was no other than the decease of his worthy parent, the baker, who was suddenly gathered to his fathers, on a cold winter evening while Johnny was fiddling at a neighboring fair. The news startled our hero like the snapping of a fiddle-string. He laid aside his amusements, to follow the remains of the honest baker to their last receptacle. For a wonder, he remained wide awake the whole day, and slept quietly in his bed the whole of the ensuing night. On the following morning he unlocked the oaken chest, emptied the contents of several greasy bags on the floor, counted them over eagerly, and then determined to buy a new violin.

In his new situation many cares pressed upon the attention of our hero. Letters of administration had to be taken out, the stock in trade and the implements of his ancestors to be sold, debts to be collected, and debts to be paid; and before a week elapsed, the heir-at-law acknowledged that the gifts of fortune are not worth the trouble they bring. His new suit of black imposed an unwonted constraint upon him. He could no longer roll upon the grass, for fear of soiling his clothes, and he was told that it would be wrong to fiddle at the dances while he was in mourning.

When an old man gets into trouble, he is apt to betake himself to the bottle; when a young man becomes perplexed, he generally turns his attention to matrimony. Thus it was with Johnny, who, in those golden and joyous days when he had nothing to do but to sleep, and eat, and play the fiddle, never dreamt of the silken fetter. But when care and trouble, and leather bags, and silver dollars, and black broadcloth, came upon him, he thought it high time to shift a portion of the burden of his existence upon some other shoulders.

I must now apprize the reader, that, although my hero had never thought of marriage, it was only because he was too single-minded to think of two things at once. He had not reached the mature age of one-and-twenty, untouched by the arrows of the gentle god. In love he had been, and at the precise point of time to which we have brought this veracious history, the tender passion was blazing in his bosom as kindly and as cheerfully as a Christmas fire. Its object was a beautiful girl of nineteen, who really did great credit to the taste of the ena-

mored musician. She was the daughter of a widow lady of respectable but decayed fortune. Lucy Atherton, the young lady in question, had beauty enough to compensate for the absence of wealth, and a sufficient portion of the family inheritance of pride, to enable her to hold her head quite as high as any belle in the village. In the dance she was grace personified. It was a treat to behold her laughing face, her lovely form, and her light step, as she flew, with a joyous heart and noiseless foot, through the mazes of the contra-dance.

Often would Johnny surprise the company, by keeping his eyes open for whole minutes together, as the lovely vision of Lucy Atherton flitted before him. The fire would flash from his eye, and the blood rush from his heart to his elbow, as he gazed in ecstasy at the loveliest dancer in the village—his fingers fell with renewed vivacity upon the tuneful strings, and the very violin itself seemed to melt in sympathy, and gave forth softer, and mellow, and gayer tones. Then would he close his eyes, and having laid in an agreeable idea, feed upon it in seceasy, as a stingy boy devours a dainty morsel in some hidden corner. With his stringed instrument rattling away like a locomotive engine, apparently unconscious of any animal propulsion, his mouth wide open, his visage devoid of expression, and the whole outward man reposing in death-like torpidity, he was dreaming of Lucy Atherton—his heart was beating time to the imaginary motion of her feet, as her form floated and whirled, up the sides and down the middle, cross over and right and left, through every nook and corner of his bosom. But either because this image was too dearly cherished to be shared with another, or too faintly shadowed out to be altogether intelligible to himself, he kept his own counsel so closely, that none could have suspected the object of his thoughts, or have pronounced with the slightest shadow of reason, that he had any thoughts at all—except upon one occasion, when Miss Lucy Atherton having gone through a *scamper down* with uncommon spirit, he exclaimed with great emotion, that she was a “dreadful nice dancer.”

When the notion of a wife came into Johnny's head, it was like the intrusion of a comet into the solar system, disturbing the regular economy of nature, and eclipsing the other orbs by its brilliancy. It entirely unsettled the well-ordered succession of his thoughts, which commonly moved on from point to point as regularly as the hands of a watch. “A wife!” quoth he, casting a look of silly bashfulness all around, as if afraid of detection—“A wife!” exclaimed he a second time, laughing aloud as at the absurdity of such a proposition—“A wife!” muttered he again—and then the image of Lucy Atherton came dancing before him. The greatest discoveries have been the result of accident, the happiest invention is but the felicitous application of a known power to a novel purpose; and equally fortuitous was that train of thought in the mind of our hero, which united his own destiny with that of the fashionable and admired Lucy Atherton. The thought was ecstatic; it brought a glow to the heart of Johnny, such as seldom beams upon the high latitude of a Dutchman's breast, and he resolved to become forthwith a candidate for the hand of the village belle.

The next morning found our hero at a neighboring shop, purchasing a variety of trinkets and clothing, for the decoration of his ungainly person. A purple watch-ribbon, a pink silk neckcloth, and a huge breast-pin, which struck him as peculiarly tasty and appropriate, were borne off in triumph; and these together with a scarlet velvet waistcoat, of the proper goods and chattels of the late Herman Vanderbocker, deceased, which came to the hands of the said John to be administered, were severally arranged in their respective stations; and the worthy amateur, adorned with a dazzling elegance, to which he had until that time been a stranger, placed his fiddle triumphantly under his arm, and marched boldly to the dwelling of the widow Atherton.

“Good morning, Mrs. Atherton,” said our hero, as he entered the widow's parlor; “good morning. How's Lucy?”

The lady surprised at this unwonted familiarity in the son of the village baker, raised her spectacles and having gazed at him for a moment in mute astonishment, haughtily replied that Miss Atherton was well. Johnny was glad to hear it: but before he could express his joy, the offended parent stalked out, and the young lady herself glided in. “She don't know what I came for, or she'd be more civil,” thought Johnny, as he looked after the proud widow but the entrance of the daughter changed the current of his reflections.

“How d'ye do, Lucy?” said the amateur.

Lucy was thunder-struck. The young man had never before addressed her in such a strain; but she had too much self-possession to betray the least embarrassment; for a reigning belle can generally command her feelings with as much success as a veteran politician. She returned his salutation, therefore, with the utmost sweetness and ease of manner, and took her seat, inwardly resolving to penetrate into the cause of the strange revolution which a few hours had made in the dress and address of her visitor. Arrayed in the simple elegance of a morning dress, and adorned with youth, health, and beauty, she bent gracefully over her work, and never looked prettier than at this moment, when an inquisitive archness was added to the usually intelligent expression of her countenance. For the present, however, her curiosity was balked; for Johnny, who really meant only to show his tenderness, and had already advanced to the utmost bounds of his assurance, began to falter. The courage which had sustained him thus far, and which some have insinuated was borrowed from a source that our temperance societies would hardly approve, was fast evaporating; and after sitting some time in silence, playing with his purple watch ribbon, he drew his violin from its green bag, and inquired whether Miss Atherton would “fancy a tune.”

The young lady declared that it always afforded her infinite pleasure to listen to Mr. Vanderbocker's delightful music; and in an instant the musical machine started into action—the head fell back, the mouth yawned, the eye-lids closed, and Johnny, the best and drowsiest of fiddlers, added a new proof that even the tender passion is not sufficiently powerful to overcome inveterate habit. But love did not entirely quit the field, or abandon his votary, who opened his eyes at intervals, and bowed and

smirked upon his fair auditors in a manner not to be mistaken, while between the different airs he would inquire if the last tune was not "*cruel purity*," or "*desperate fine*," or "*eleganter than all the rest*."

Music, which has charms to "soothe the savage breast," seems to have operated differently on that of the young lady, on this occasion; for the antique velvet vest, the pink neckcloth, the smirking, the bowing, and above all, the short naps which her visitor seemed to enjoy with such complacency, were altogether so irresistibly ludicrous, that, in spite of her endeavors to suppress it, she was compelled to burst into a fit of laughter.

Thus ended the first act of this comedy. The second commences with a sprightly dialogue. Johnny, who had now found his tongue, opened the conversation by asking "Lucy" if she did not think he ought to be married?

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Vanderbocker," was the reply; "nothing could be more proper, provided you believe that marriage would conduce to your happiness."

"I don't know as I should be any happier, but somehow I think I should be better contented."

"Then you ought certainly to marry, for contentment is the chief ingredient in the cup of happiness."

"I shall quit drinking entirely," continued the lover, who misunderstood the last position of the lady.

"I am glad to hear it. Sobriety is very becoming particularly in married men."

"And who do you think I ought to have?"

"Oh dear! I cannot tell, indeed. That is a delicate question; and perhaps, it might be necessary to determine first who would *have you*."

"I guess a'most any of 'em would be glad to catch at me," replied the swain; "for father's left me a snug house, and three hundred dollars in silver, besides the bake shop."

"Quite a fortune, I declare?" exclaimed Lucy.

"To be sure, there's some that's richer than me, and some better looking," continued Johnny glancing at the mirror which hung opposite to him; "but then you know Miss Lucy—"

"That half a loaf is better than no bread," added the young lady, ironically.

"Yes—just so—that's my *idea* to a notch; a half bread, as you say, is better than no loaf, and so—three hundred dollars, and a house and lot—"

"And gentle Mr. Vanderbocker into the bargain would be a comfortable *lot* for any lady. Surely the girls in Herkimer ought not to hesitate, for the temptation is very great!"

"An't it?" exclaimed Johnny, in a tone of exultation. "I guess it is!" he added, answering his own question. "It isn't every gal that gets such a chance. Now, I'll tell you a secret," continued he, lowering his voice; "if you'll have me, it's all your own, me and the fiddle, the three hundred dollars, the bake-shop, and all!"

"The impudent fellow!" thought Lucy; but she had the politeness and good sense to suppress that thought. A lady is never seriously offended with the swain who offers to marry her; for, however

humble may be the source from which the proposition emanates, it is still a compliment. Lucy's list of conquests was tolerably long for blooming nineteen, and the name of Johnny would add but little dignity to the train. She civilly, but peremptorily declined the honor which he had intended for her and adding, "You must excuse me now, sir; I have other engagements," left the room.

"Other engagements!" thought Johnny; "that means that she is going to be married to somebody else. What a dunce was I not to speak first." And he retired, deeply chagrined, and not a little puzzled that a young lady of marriageable age, and sound discretion, who was not worth a cent, should refuse a neat cottage, a bake-shop, and three hundred dollars.

Had there been a mill-pond at Mrs. Atherton's front door, our hero would have undoubtedly drowned himself; and it is altogether probable that he would even have gone out of his way to seek the means of self-destruction, had he not prudently reflected that the estate of Herman Vanderbocker, deceased, was not yet fully administered, nor the leather bags emptied. To leave this treasure vacant, and the bake-shop unoccupied, would have been rashness.

It was nearly night, when Johnny, who was trotting briskly homewards, overtook a stranger within a mile or two of the village. He was a tall, slim man, mounted on a high, strong, bony horse; but he was so muffled up, from top to toe, that our hero could not tell whether he was old or young, gentle or simple. His hat was covered with an oil-cloth, his legs were enveloped in ample wrappers of coarse cloth, he was booted and spurred, and over all he wore one of those uncouth but comfortable coats, fabricated out of a green Mackinaw blanket, which are so common on the Mississippi. His horse was covered with mud, and evidently tired. His own appearance was way-worn and weather-beaten. He seemed to have travelled far, and faced many a storm. Before him were a pair of large holster pistols; behind him a roll containing his surtout and umbrella; and across the saddle, a pair of immense saddle-bags, fastened with a brass padlock.

Johnny who had all the fiddler's wonted love of company, and was particularly averse to riding alone in the dark, trotted up alongside of the stranger, and accosted him with a cheerful "Good evening."

The traveller nodded stiffly, without deigning to turn his head.

Johnny gazed wistfully at the jaded rider, the tired nag, the Mackinaw blanket, the leggins, and other *fixens*, as we say in the West, and wondered who this could be, that was so strangely accoutred, and was too proud to return a civil salutation. Determined to satisfy his curiosity, he tried to commence a conversation.

"You seem to be travelling, mister," said he. "You have guessed right," replied the traveller. "Have you travelled far, if it's a fair question?" "Tolerably."

Now, this reply seemed to our hero most perplexing. "Tolerably," might comprise ten miles, or twenty, or a hundred, but it could not apply to a long journey. He took another look and edging up to the stranger, thought he would try it again.

"Well, mister," said he, "if I *mought* make so bold, where did you come from?" "Just back here," was the laconic reply. "From Oneida?" "No; further back." "From Catarangus?" "No."

Johnny considered a moment—and again pushed his inquiries.

"I guess may be, you came all the way from Buffalo?" "No; further back."

Johnny scratched his head in some amazement, and edged off from the stranger, but his curiosity overcoming every other feeling, he continued—

"Why, I dont know as any body lives any further off than that. If I *mought* make so free, what's back of Buffalo?" "Ohio." "O—o—h! yes! sure enough! So you live in Ohio?" "No; further back."

"Well, what's back of that?" "Indiana." "And do you live there?" "No; further back."

"And what's back of that?" "Illinois." "Oh! you live in Illinois." "No, I don't." "Where do you live?" "Further back."

"I guess you don't live at all!" exclaimed Johnny, trembling all over, for it was now growing dark, and the tall stranger, who seemed to have ridden so hard, and so far, appeared to deny being an inhabitant of this world.

But Johnny thought he would try another question. "Well, mister, if it's no harm, what's back of Illinois." "Missouri." "Do you live there?" "Yes."

Johnny absolutely started, and a cold chill ran over him; for the conversation was brought to a dead stand by this reply. But he had located the stranger, and after drawing a long breath, he exclaimed—

"Well, I'm glad on't. I am almost out of breath in finding it out. How far is it, sir, if it's a fair question?"

"Something over a thousand miles. And now, said the stranger, "as I have answered all your inquiries, I hope you will allow me to put a few questions to you." "O certainly." "Do you live in this village?" "Yes—I was born here." "What's your business?" "I'm a gentleman." "What does your father do for a living?" "Nothing." "What is he?" "He is a dead man." "Do you know Mrs. Atherton?" "Yes—do you?" "Is her daughter married?" "No indeed, far from it." "Why 'far from it'?" "She refused an excellent offer this morning." "From whom?" "That's a secret!" "How do you know this, if it is a secret?" "I had it from herself. But here is the hotel—I'll bid you a good evening." "Stay. Have you any objection to carry a note to Miss Atherton?" "I can't say as I have."

Proud of an office which would introduce him into the presence of her who had occupied so large a share of his thoughts, he departed with alacrity to the dwelling of Mrs. Atherton. Bowing reverently to both ladies, he advanced in silence, and laid the note before Lucy, who at first took it up with hesitation, but no sooner had the superscription caught her eye than she tore it open, and exclaimed, "He is come, he is come! Mother, mother! he is come!"

"Who is come?" inquired Johnny. But Lucy's head had fallen upon her mother's shoulder, and the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Never mind," said Johnny, in a soothing tone; "don't be scared, ladies. If he *does* carry horse-pistols, he is not a-going to do as he pleases in Her-

kimer. Don't don't cry, Miss Lucy—I'll fight for you as long as I can stand." At this juncture, the door again opened, and the stranger stood before them, and Lucy Atherton rushed into his arms. "Dear Lucy!" "Dear Charles!" was all they could utter. Mrs. Atherton glided out of the room. "The old lady does not like you, either," thought Johnny; "she served me just so."

"Three are poor company," continued Johnny to himself, and he too retired; but he had the consolation of believing that he had found a complete solution of the mystery of the young lady's conduct in the morning. But manfully as our hero strove against his disappointment, it preyed upon him, and for two days he remained in his own house quite disconsolate. At the end of that time he received an unexpected visit from the stranger. "Mr. Vanderbocker," said he, "you guided me into the village the other evening, when I was tired, and, perhaps, less sociable than I ought to have been, and I have called to thank you for your civility, and to request the pleasure of your company on to-morrow evening at Mrs. Atherton's." Johnny tried to beg off; for he had heard it whispered that Lucy was to give her hand to the stranger, and felt but little inclination to be present at the wedding. His visitor, however, pressed him, adding, "Miss Atherton esteems you as one of her earliest friends, and will have it so." "I will go, then," said Johnny, greatly soothed by this compliment. "And now, Mr. Wilkinson," for such he had learned was the stranger's name, "will you be kind enough to tell me how you managed to court one of our Herkimer ladies, without ever setting your foot in the village—our belle, too, that has so many good offers at home?" Mr. Wilkinson smiled, and replied, "Lucy and myself met at Schenectady, where we were both going to school, and were well enough pleased with each other to agree to unite our destinies. Mrs. Atherton no sooner heard of our attachment than she took Lucy home, and, rather haughtily as I thought, forbade my visiting at her house. Poor Lucy! her fortune turned out to be illusory. As for me, I went to the West, mortified at having been spurned from the door of a proud woman, and determined to earn that wealth and distinction which I saw could alone procure my admittance into the bosom of Lucy's family."

"You deserve it," said Johnny, sobbing, "indeed you do—for, simple as I seem, and simple as I be, I'm not the lad to envy a true lover and a generous-hearted girl their happiness. I will certainly attend the wedding; and if father had been dead a little longer, I would play the fiddle, that I might see Miss Lucy dance for the last time."

Johnny kept his word. Several years have passed, and he may now be seen any summer's day, seated at the door of his cottage, with a red nightcap on his head, and a short black pipe in his mouth, chuckling over the idea that he has more hard dollars under lock and key than any man in the village.

other hands, Mrs. Somebody is so stingy that she stands half an hour higgling about green peas; Mrs. A. has given her maid warning; Mrs. B. has a sick baby; and the cure has made a visit at least half an hour long to Miss C.

And the new clock strikes twelve, and dinner leads every body home. The children are returned from school; the tumult and din begin; and the young ones contrive to render the dinner as miserable as the breakfast. This dinner, however, is eaten in a handsome room, ornamented with mirrors, carpets, and so forth, but none of the thousand and one little prettinesses which constitute elegance and comfort. Every thing is handsome and correct, and every thing is heavy and gloomy. Its tenants know the wants of animal life, but little more; the dinner is good and abundant, but the conversation—nought.

The meal ended, and the desert distributed among the children, peace is once more restored by their dismissal to school.

The lady then places herself at her window with her work, at which she continues without interruption till she goes to vespers; after which she gives her children their supper and puts them to bed; then undresses herself, put her hair into papillotes, says her prayers, and, while waiting the return of her spouse, amuses herself by chatting a little with her servants in the kitchen. A well-behaved husband is never later than nine: as soon as he appears, a substantial supper is served, and at ten the whole house is in a state of profound repose.

This life, with very few exceptions, is that of all the ladies of———.

If their minds do not greatly improve by it, their plumpness and fresh complexions prove at least that it agrees well with their constitutions. What can they wish for more? Of what use would mind be to them? A Fleming marries in order to have a housekeeper who will not cheat him, his dinner punctually served, his children kept clean, and his stockings mended. He asks for nothing more, and is perfectly contented with this. They are happy. What more can be desired?—nothing; excepting, perhaps, they not being obliged to witness a happiness so insupportable.—*Mrs. Trollope.*

Journal of a Belgian Lady.

SHE rises generally about seven o'clock, provided the children, who all sleep in her room, have permitted her to repose till so late an hour. Her toilet does not take long; a black petticoat being the only addition she makes to the cap and brown cotton wrapping-gown in which she sleeps. In this equipage, with one child in her arms, and half a dozen following her, she goes down to breakfast; which repast is often taken in the kitchen, and lasts but a few moments, amidst cries and quarrellings for slices of bread and butter and mugs of coffee.

This trouble over, the lady commences the toilet of her little family, an operation which she always performs carefully and neatly, and the children are despatched to school.

A general review of the mansion follows, and woe to the servants if any candle ends of the preceding night have been burned too low; if a single grain of dust be visible on the furniture, or a cup broken, for crimes of this cast ever become the subjects of the most vehement reproach.

At length the bell rings for mass; a morning dress not peculiar for its elegance, succeeds to the first costume; a black cloak and hood is thrown over it, and, with a basket on her arm, she repairs to the church, and from thence to make bargains and execute commissions.

This period, the happiest of her day, is prolonged till dinner. In the course of her peregrination she meets her acquaintance, and the most innocent little gossipings take place. It is now that she learns how much Mrs. Such-an-one gave beyond what she ought for a tourbat: and, consequently, how very bad a manager she must be: while on the

LIGHT WORDS.

‘ We have been friends together ;
Shall light words part us now ? ’

‘ Then you are decided upon not speaking to Horace Willis this evening, my dear Clara ; and are determined to let a few light words, uttered in jest, sever the tie of early friendship.’

This speech was addressed by Miss Stanley to her friend, a young and lovely girl, whose flushed cheek rested upon her hand, as she sat in an abstracted mood by the window.

‘ And would Georgianna Stanley have me listen calmly to his reproaches, and submit to be reproved before a large circle of friends ? No ! Clara Fenwick’s spirit cannot stoop to that ! ’

‘ I think that you were both to blame,’ replied Miss Stanley ; ‘ but your proud demeanor, my dear Clara, provoked him to tell you many unpleasant truths, and you would not listen to his apology.’

‘ I cannot conceive what apology he could offer, for his manner of speaking,’ returned Clara, proudly tossing back the raven curls that shaded her polished brow ; ‘ at least, I cannot accept one.’

‘ And, so for a few light words you are willing to cast from you the heart, in which you have garnered up the wealth of early hopes ; one who is rich in intellectual endowments, and whose high-minded virtues, blended as they are with those qualities which throw a charm over domestic life, have prevailed upon

a fond parent to give into his hand the wealth of a young child's affections. Do you think, that you can justify this course to your father ?'

The delicate hand of Miss Fenwick was passed over her eyes as her friend concluded this appeal ; but in a moment she raised her head, and, looking at her, though with less of pride in the depths of her dark eyes, she answered :

'I knew that you would blame me, and perhaps I was wrong ; but I cannot humble myself to make concessions to him.'

'Then you must prepare to drink a bitter cup,' said Georgianna. 'Strange, wayward girl, I cannot help it, if I offend you ; but 't is ever thus that pride usurps the better feelings of your heart, and casts a shade over many excellent qualities.'

A cloud lowered upon Clara's face, but she spoke not.

'I grieve for you, Clara,' continued Miss Stanley, 'for I shall yet see the light of this laughing eye quenched in tears, this smiling lip quivering with suppressed emotion, and this sunny brow, the dim shadowing of inward woe, this young heart bowed till earth will be but a place of weariness.'

'And you believe this to be my fate ?' returned Miss Fenwick, 'No ! Georgianna ; I have a spirit that will not bow. My heart may break, but neither cheek nor brow shall betray it ;' and a smile played upon her beautiful lip, as she turned disdainfully away.

Tears started into the mild eyes of Miss Stanley, and a foreboding of coming sorrow pressed heavily upon her mind. She arose from her seat, and, laying her hand upon Clara's arm, said solemnly and impressively, 'We trod the same path in childish days, Clara, and culled the same bright flowers ; and when my dear mother died, and I was left in loneliness and sorrow, you shared both heart and home with me ; and now in the sincerity of early friendship, I vow to devote myself to you in the years of blight and desolation, which my prophetic spirit whispers are in store for you, if you persist in your determination. Believe me, dearest, that a meek spirit is a jewel far above pearl or gem ; and you would be more beautiful to Horace, when ingenuously confessing a fault, than, though radiant with diamonds, yet, with your forehead bright with such dazzling scorn.'

* * * * *

A small circle of friends met that evening at Mrs. Lorton's,

an aunt of Clara's, to whom she was much attached ; and most gladly would she have absented herself, as Horace was to be of the party ; but she feared giving offence to the sister of her beloved parent, and was compelled reluctantly to accompany Georgianna and her father.

There was a brilliant flush on her cheek, as she entered the drawing-room of her relative, that contrasted strangely with the extreme paleness of her brow, over which was simply parted the glossy tresses of her dark hair ; and the softened expression of her eye gave a touching charm to her beauty. Friends gathered around, and the whisper of admiration fell upon her ear, but she heeded it not. The voice whose slightest tone would have been as the cadence of some sweet dream, was silent ; the eye that was wont to rest upon her with looks of gratified affection was turned away, and the smile with its peculiar fascination had faded from the lip of her estranged lover. He stood apart in conversation with Miss Stanley, and had not once addressed her. A few intimate associates clustered around the couch on which she was seated, and entreated her to touch the strings of her guitar, and, willing to avert the scrutiny of her father, who was closely observing her, she complied, and warbled forth a plaintive ballad. At its conclusion, Horace Layton drew near : there was something in his air which seemed to ask, if she would reply to his speaking, as he bent his eye upon her face with a glance of reproachful tenderness. Looks of surprise and inquiry were directed towards them, and the pride of Clara's soul was again aroused. A deep and burning blush crimsoned her forehead, and a scornful smile wreathed her lip as she met his gaze ; and then, turning haughtily away, her hand swept the strings, and she lightly sung a lively air. Mistaken being ! it was long, long ere she again breathed around the witchery of song. A mingled expression of sorrow and resentment passed over Horace's countenance, and his lip quivered, as he bent down and whispered a few words in her ear, in a tone so deep and low, that they were not understood by those around them, and then left the room. Clara turned as pale as death, and her fingers trembled on the chords of her guitar. The heat of the apartment, she said, oppressed her, and she could not sing, as she took Georgianna's offered arm, and moved to a window-seat. She did not weep, nor faint. How pride will nerve the breaking heart ! but, though it support its votaries in society, it forsakes them in solitude.

* * * * *

‘Do you know who yon pale girl is?’ said Augustus Lewis to his friend, as they stood together by a window in the assembly room of Mrs. D——. ‘What, in the name of wonder, has come over you, Layton?’ he continued, in a lively tone. ‘I have been in raptures with her companion this hour, and you have listened, without understanding a word I say, or deigning an answer. One would believe that you were of the order of La Trappe. Do rouse yourself, and give me some information, if you can.’

‘Methinks the face is one I should know,’ replied Horace Layton, rousing himself from his abstraction. ‘It has awakened feelings and remembrances, which, I thought, had been long since subdued. It is Miss Fenwick; but how change!d Forgive me, my friend,’ he added, ‘but I cannot remain here; I shall only betray myself, and my heart swells with agony, as I contemplate that altered face. My impetuous temper has done this.’

‘Stay, Layton,’ exclaimed Augustus, forcibly detaining him, ‘they are urging her to sing;—you may be mistaken; wait till you hear her voice. I never saw a more beautiful face; but there has been much suffering to shadow the brightness of that brow. List to her song.’

The fair girl had been persuaded to sit down to the piano, and poured forth, in a tone of melancholy sweetness, the plaintive air of ‘Auld Robin Grey.’ Horace stood as if riveted to the spot, and as the strain died away, burst from his friend and rushed from the room. In the passage he met Mr. Fenwick, who grasped his hand, and drew him into an adjoining room; ‘My poor child!’ was all he could say: but with such a look of agony and despair, as was felt and understood by the generous young man. The appeal was not in vain, and Horace assured him that he was ready to forget the past.

‘Heaven bless you, my dear boy,’ said the old man, as the tears stood upon his cheek, ‘My poor girl has suffered bitterly for her pride; but, believe me, Horace, she has ever done you justice, and acknowledges that it was her own proud spirit that caused your estrangement; but her health has failed, and I have been travelling from place to place with her, endeavoring to restore the bloom to her faded cheek. But a heart at ease will do wonders.’

Clara was more than usually sad, and Georgianna succeeded

in drawing her from the observation of the company into a private apartment.

‘Oh! that I could see you smile, dearest, as in happier hours,’ said Miss Stanley, tearfully, as she kissed her hueless cheek.

‘Never! Georgianna, the brightness of my early dream is past. Oh, this heartless gaiety,’ she added, as the innumerable voices and the flow of song came borne on the night winds to her ear. ‘Is it not a mockery to a breaking heart, my kind friend? Alas! you knew me better than I did myself, and where now is my boasted pride? this sunken form and dim eye are anything but proud. No! a little while and I shall be at rest.’

‘Do not speak so despondingly, dearest Clara,’ replied her friend, ‘happy days may yet be in store for you.’ The words were scarcely uttered, when the door opened, and Mr. Fenwick entered followed by a gentleman. Clara sprung to her feet, and a tide of crimson stained her forehead for a moment, and then retreating left her pale as death, and the single word ‘forgive!’ burst from her pallid lip, as Horace caught her sinking form and folded her to his heart.

‘All is forgotten,’ he exclaimed, as consciousness returned; ‘but I shall not easily forgive myself, until I see this pale cheek wear the bright tints that I so loved of old.’ And as she smiled one of her own beautiful smiles, he bent fondly to her lips with the kiss of reconciliation.

Three months after these events, Horace sat with his young bride and Georgianna in the happy home, which was endeared to them by so many early associations. The silvery moonbeams were tipping the distant hills, and casting a flood of radiance on bud and flower. Georgianna wandered into the garden, and did not return for nearly an hour, when she came, accompanied by Horace’s friend, Mr. Lewis. She hid her blushing face on Clara’s shoulder, as Augustus told them that he won the promise of her hand, and begged them to congratulate him.

‘That I do, most sincerely,’ exclaimed Horace, warmly shaking his hand; ‘but one word of advice,—I sincerely hope you will be as happy as I am; but think how different might have been the lot of myself and yon smiling girl, had we not met so accidentally,—and how many months of suffering we

both endured. Beware, therefore, my friends, how you ever let fall a few light words ; for they may sever forever the tie that binds fond and trusting hearts.

Hingham, July 20th.

M. M.

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MARRYING WELL.

OR THE SPIRIT OF '73.

CHAPTER I.—PRUDENTIALS.

'WE must discourage Roger's visits, husband,' said Mrs Hartwell, 'or Lucy will be lost.'

'*Married*, you mean, my dear.'

'And would not that be the same as lost, Mr Hartwell? Only think, a daughter of ours married to a shoemaker! You would turn Roger out of doors if it was not for his politics.'

'Why, wife, I have often heard you praise his industry, and excellent character; and he deserves it—for he is really a very clever, sensible young man.'

'So he is, husband, good enough in his way, and at his trade;—but can you think him fit company for our Lucy, the only child of a justice of the peace!'

Now 'Squire Hartwell happened to be in a most self-complacent mood. He was seated in his deep-cushioned, high-backed elbow chair, (a ponderous machine, containing sufficient material to frame a modern fashionable cottage), smoking his afternoon pipe, and watching through the open window the operations of his reapers in the broad field of wheat, which covered many an acre of the gently rising ground east of his dwelling. Here were two sources of satisfaction, personal ease, and the contemplation of his property. Then his wife had touched on another most agreeable vein, his magisterial dignity. Luckily for Roger, she did not urge this to the utmost. 'Squire Hartwell had held the office of justice of the peace for a number of years, and had only the week before the commencement of my story, received the additional honor of 'quorum' to his justiceship. Like all other novelties, this last honor seemed of far greater importance than his old commission. Had his wife only said 'justice of the peace and quorum,' poor Roger would have been in a lost case. But now, after deliberately shaking the ashes from his pipe, 'Squire Hartwell sat up in his chair with the bearing of a man who is intending to give impartial judgment, let the matter terminate as it may.

'I fear, wife, you are indulging too much pride. Are we not every day complaining of the arbitrary distinctions of power, and crying out against the oppressions of Parliament,

and the insolence of the Lords? and shall we now cast aside, as of no account, a vessel which may have been made unto honor, merely because it has not been fashioned in the same pattern as ourselves? No, no, wife; such pride will never do for Christians.'

'And you are willing that our Lucy, as good and lovely a girl as the colony of Connecticut can show, should marry a shoemaker?'

'I did not say that, my dear. Surely, I can like Roger, without wanting him for a son-in-law; though I think Lucy might look farther, and choose worse.'

'She might marry Seth Trumbull.'

'Probably.'

'I have heard you say he was a promising young lawyer.'

'Yes — he promises well — but it is performance must make the man.'

'Then Doctor Walker is dying for her.'

'If he is a good doctor he can cure himself.'

'But only think of the difference between him and Roger!'

'Yes, Roger is three inches the tallest.'

'How you talk, Mr Hartwell. I never like to hear joking on serious matters. I think Dr Walker would be a good match for Lucy. He is gaining practice very fast, and you know he belongs to a respectable family.'

'Of tories.'

'There, now — politics must be brought in. I wish I might never hear the word *tory* again.'

'I can say *amen* to that wish, my dear; — were there no tories among us we should soon bring Parliament to reason. It is Dr Walker, and such as he, who strengthen the hands of government against us, and encourage this constant encroachment on our rights.'

'Pray, what has Doctor Walker done?'

'I don't know what he has done — but he has said that he didn't care about the stamp act if he was not obliged to purchase stamps for his pill-papers.'

'I suppose he was only joking.'

'But Roger would never have said such a word in any way. He is a true whig, every inch of him, and when the struggle comes he will be found in the front ranks.'

'Dear me, Mr Hartwell, you do not think our people will ever dare to fight the British soldiers?'

‘Dare? Yes, indeed — if the Parliament continues to oppress us. And if every man had the spirit of Roger we should soon beat them, too,’ — he added in a lower tone.

‘Well, I declare you frighten me. But I cannot believe such terrible times ever will come; and I think people had better attend to their own private affairs, and let the government alone.’

‘So Doctor Walker says, my dear.’

‘And it is my own opinion, my dear; so, no wonder I should esteem him. I think he would make a good husband for Lucy, and I have set my heart on her marrying well;’ — and Mrs Heartwell slid out of the apartment before her husband could reply. She had sufficient sagacity to know that the longer he defended Roger, the more he would incline to him; and she dreaded lest he would, in the glow of his patriotic feeling, take the resolution to admit the shoemaker as the lover of Lucy.

‘Marrying well!’ mused ‘Squire Hartwell, as he reclined back in his easy-chair. ‘Marrying well! Ah, that is a true woman’s idea; a very good one, too, only the mischief is they do not always calculate rightly. They choose the man who is well off in the world — and reject those who are likely to do well. Now, ten to one, the last will, in the end, prove the best match.’

CHAPTER II. — THE RIVALS.

‘What a heavenly sunset! cousin Lucy,’ exclaimed Anna Minot, as she leaned from the open window with her eyes fixed intently on the glowing west. ‘See there! Lucy — that rich purple cloud, fringed with flame, as though it were the falling mantle from some fiery cherubim — and just above it, see that snow white cloud, like a screen to prevent our looking into heaven — is it not sublime!’

‘Yes, Anna, it is beautiful — very — and here in the west is a beautiful moon rise to match it. See the pure, bright orb comes out the moment the sun has hid his face, as though she wished not to attract any of the admiration which belongs to his shining sublimity. The moon seems to me the type of a lovely and modest woman, who delights to reflect the happiness and prosperity of those to whom she is dear. You smile at my simile — well, I confess the moon always was my favorite

among the heavenly host ; and had I been a heathen born I should have worshipped the moon.'

'And the sun, too ?

'If I had been so taught, yes ; but I should have adored the moon from the impulses of my own feelings.'

'Probably ;— and yonder comes the swain who would be right happy to personate the sun, if you would be the gentle moon to reflect his light.'

'Anna !'

'Oh, don't blush so my dear ; the moon never blushes. And don't look so grave neither ; though it is rather a serious business to manage, because your honored mother has set her face so decidedly against your swain. But never mind — Roger has a bold heart, and it is my opinion he will win the fair lady. Your father likes him.'

'They agree in politics.'

'Better than they do in property, I believe. Ah, Lucy ! look this way ; here is one coming from the west who has a host of recommendations to your favor.'

'Who ? Oh ! Dr Walker. He will never gain my favor, I assure you, notwithstanding his host of recommendations.'

'How perverse of you, Lucy, not to like a fine, accomplished young gentleman, who is dying for you ! Only consider the thousand advantages of having a physician for a husband. Look this way, will you — the full moon is not favorable to reason, and you are already too romantic ; and besides, there is something beneath the moon may draw your attention.'

'Don't speak so loud, Anna, pray.'

'Are you afraid Roger will hear ?'

'No, no — how ridiculous ! Let us go down to the parlor.'

During the conversation of the cousins, the two young gentlemen, named as approaching, were rapidly nearing each other. The dwelling of 'Squire Hartwell was located at the junction of three roads, where those from the east and west, which were merely paths, united with the great northern highway. The house stood a few rods back from the junction, having a peach orchard in front, a profusion of rose bushes around the solid wall, and a high and heavy gate, which shut out the dusty view of the street.

The object of the rivals seemed to be who should first reach the gate ? Dr Walker had the shortest and smoothest path ; but the long and rapid strides of Roger were every moment,

diminishing the inequality ; and as for the stones and hillocks in the path, he minded them no more than he would have done floating thistle-down.

Doctor Walker increased his speed almost to a run — it would not do. Roger's strong grasp has thrown open the gate — he has entered — and with no gentle impetus, he sent the ponderous portal back to its station. It shut with a loud bang, just as Walker reached it — bringing him up to a perpendicular as rigid as that of a Prussian grenadier. So closely *vis-a-vis*, was he with the gate, that his nose was slightly grazed by the contact ; and partly by that contact, and partly by the rush of air, his best beaver was thrown from his head, and rolled some distance in the dusty path.

Doctor Walker was greatly discomfited, and not a little enraged, at the audacity of his rival ; but he well knew that Roger was not the man he could frighten ; and as for fighting such a fellow, that was out of the question. So the Doctor endeavored to calm and cool himself as best he might — wiped the perspiration from his brow, and the dust from his large, shining, silver buckles, adjusted his dress, shook his hat, and having recovered his composure, he walked leisurely forward to pay his respects to 'Squire Hartwell and the ladies.

CHAPTER III.—POLITICS.

Freedom, patriotism, and philanthropy, are Nature's three patents for making noblemen. The human mind, in which either of these three emotions, viz. the love of liberty, the love of country, or the love of mankind is predominant, will be exalted above the herd, whose prevailing thoughts are confined to the immediate wants and worldly pursuits of men. But if the three noble feelings named unite and govern in the same mind, be sure that individual will be mighty among his race. No matter in what station he was born, to what calling he has been destined — there is that in his own breast which will bear him upward and onward. And the course of conduct which, in a man of this character, may, at first, appear presumptuous or impossible, will, in the end, be found perfectly consistent with the confidence which a well balanced and justly directed mind should feel in its own strength and resources.

How little did Doctor Walker appreciate the cool philoso-

phy of Roger's address, as the latter politely, bowing on his entrance, inquired after his health. Doctor Walker did not reply — did not seem to have heard — but hastily shaking the 'Squire's offered hand, he hastened across the apartment, addressed with his smiling compliments the young ladies, and then seating himself by Mrs Hartwell, he was soon deeply engaged in conversation on the weather.

'Have you heard the news, Doctor? cried the 'Squire, at the top of his voice.'

'News! what news?' reiterated Walker, starting.

'Why, that Parliament is about sending over to us all the East India Company's stock of tea!'

'Well.'

'I don't think it will be well, Sir. I don't think we colonists can be compelled to buy it. I, for one, affirm that not an ounce shall be drank in my family.'

'Dear me, Mr Hartwell, what is the use of making such a great fuss about a little matter? Only three pence duty on the pound. Why, four pounds of tea would be a large stock for the year, and that will be only one shilling to government!' — and Mrs Hartwell looked triumphantly to Doctor Walker for approbation of her prudential speech; while the 'Squire turned his eye on Roger as if he wished him to answer it.

'It is not the price of the tea, Madam, that is of consequence,' observed Roger, respectfully, 'but the establishment of the principle of taxation.'

'Yes,' interrupted the 'Squire, 'it is the principle that we contend against. Three pence or three pounds, would be all the same. Indeed, if we submit to pay the pence we shall soon have to pay the pounds.'

'We must resist it,' said Roger.

'We will resist it,' echoed the 'Squire.

'I do not see as any benefits to the country can result from this resistance,' said Doctor Walker. 'If Parliament has ordered the tea to the colonies, it will come.'

'It shall never be sold,' said the 'Squire, setting his teeth, and breathing hard.

'You must watch the ladies narrowly, then,' replied the Doctor, laughing. 'They relish tea better than these theories of liberty, which none but a politician can understand.'

'The ladies will not thank you for rating their understanding and patriotism so low,' replied Roger, casting a respectful but penetrating glance on Lucy Hartwell.

‘What say you, daughter — do you prefer your tea before the liberties of your country?’ inquired the ‘Squire, who had remarked the heightening color on Lucy’s cheek. ‘Will you drink the tea that is burdened with a tribute which none but slaves would pay?’

‘I would sooner drink poison, my dear father, than a beverage obtained by dishonoring my country,’ said the blushing girl, in a low but emphatic voice.

‘That’s right, my own child. I knew you would prove a good whig.’

‘Nevertheless, the tea will be used,’ said Walker.

‘By the fishes, perhaps,’ retorted Roger, scornfully. ‘The cargo will never be landed at Boston. I have to-day seen a gentleman from that patriotic town, and I know the resolution of the people. They will sink the ships, rather than permit the tea to be landed.’

‘And you, Sir, would doubtless be aiding and abetting them, if it were in your power,’ said the Doctor.

‘With might and main, heart and hand, like a true knight, without fear, and without reproach — from any but a tory,’ said Roger.

‘Do you know you are talking treason against the British government,’ retorted Walker, angrily, for he saw that Lucy smiled on his rival.

‘I know I am talking reason, Sir,’ replied Roger, calmly rising and confronting his antagonist. ‘And I have faith to believe that I shall live to see the day when, in America, reason will not be treason.’

CHAPTER IV. — A NEW LOVER.

Now a great deal depends on *position*. The young girl, in the ball-room, must appear in a graceful position; the lady in society must maintain a fashionable position; the statesman before the world must assume a commanding position; but none of these are more important than the position which a young man maintains in the presence of his lady love. From his position, and the manner in which it operates on her feelings, I always predict their destiny. If he only rattles and prattles, and talks sweet nonsense, and she is delighted with it, they will be a stupid couple, and probably quarrel before they have been wedded half a year. If, on the contrary, he

appears dignified and respectful, and sometimes introduces subjects of moral interest and intellectual improvement, and she appears gratified with this tone of sentiment, or responds with a brilliant quotation or an appropriate remark — there, I say, is a couple who have a fair chance of being happy themselves, and who will, probably, shed around them a lustre which shall light the path of others.

When Roger stood before his rival in the calm dignity of a patriot, and Lucy's eye showed that she approved his speech as the perfection of manly sentiment, it was all over with Doctor Walker. He was in a false position. He understood it, too; and more angry that he had been beaten by a man who was in an inferior station, than that he had lost the lady, he determined to bring another competitor into the field, one who had no political disabilities to surmount, who could agree with the father about the whigs, and with the mother about the weather; and whose profession, family, fortune and figure would, he doubted not, gain the victory over Roger. This new candidate for Lucy's favor was Seth Trumbull, the young lawyer.

The young lawyer became a constant visitor at 'Squire Hartwell's. It was soon understood by the whole parish that the match was, as it is termed, *made*. True, Lucy steadily denied it; but at that day it was not the fashion for young ladies to proclaim their engagement as soon as they had said 'yes' — so her denial went for nothing.

Doctor Walker asserted confidently, everywhere, that it would be a match; Mrs Hartwell did not contradict it; nobody dared question the old 'Squire on the subject; and as for Anna Minot, the dear, teasing little cousin, she always laughed and blushed, and said — 'like enough' — when the subject was referred to her. So the matter was settled. Every body said that Miss Lucy Hartwell was engaged to lawyer Trumbull.

Every body said so, except Roger; he never would say a word about it. The young ladies, generally, believed it was a sad disappointment to him, and pitied him exceedingly. But most of the elderly people, especially the grave fathers, differed from this opinion. They said Roger had no idea of marrying; that he was poor and ambitious, and that such a man never thought of marrying till he had risen in the world. In those primitive times it was not the fashion to marry for money.

Roger had opened a store in a neighboring town. He worked no more at shoemaking, but pursued his business as though his life depended on his diligence.

CHAPTER V.--THE DENOUEMENT.

'Lucy,' said Roger — she turned towards him ; a gleam of moonlight streamed through the leafless boughs of the peach tree, beneath which they were passing, and fell strongly on her upturned face ; the wavy outline of her eyelashes was distinctly to be traced in shadow on her fair cheek. Roger thought she was very pale.'

'Lucy, will you grant me one minute's attention?' She looked towards the door of her dwelling, where Anna Minot and Mr Trumbull were then entering — she hesitated, and stopped.

'Lucy — it — is a long time since I have had the pleasure of speaking with you.'

'It is about five or six weeks.'

'They seem ages to me.'

'Do you not like your business?'

'I did like it, because it afforded me the hope of rendering myself worthy of you. It has been told me (he spoke low and rapidly,) that you are inclined to favor Mr Trumbull. (She did not speak). I am poor, Lucy — I must labor, — I am without friends, and must make my own way ; — it may be years before I shall take the station in society which Trumbull now occupies ; but as sure as I live, Lucy, I will ——.' He paused, for though he had often indulged the hope, indeed *belief*, that he should rise superior to Trumbull, yet he shrunk from expressing this anticipation. It seemed like a vain boast.

'You do not believe me then, Lucy?' he continued, after a long pause.

'I have heard nothing to believe. Had we not better go in ; my cousin will wonder what detains us.'

'Perhaps Mr Trumbull will likewise wish to know.'

'If he does I shall not take the trouble to tell him.'

'Lucy, will you tell me ! — are you engaged?'

'No.'

'And — and — may I hope that you never will be engaged — that is, not to *him* — Lucy, I love you !'

The abruptness and impetuosity with which he spoke

seemed the effect of feelings which he could not repress. Lucy was so surprised, so confused, that she was obliged to lean on his arm for support, so there was no opportunity for her to show much anger at his presumption. Roger soon forgot that he had been poor and a shoemaker. The first consciousness of being beloved seems, to a young man, as the crowning point of his ambition. He feels elevated, for he has secured the empire of one heart which he would not forego for the sceptre of Napoleon.

Roger walked into the parlor of 'Squire Hartwell, that evening, with the air of a man who has no further cares for what may betide him in this life; and Anna Minot said that he asked consent that very evening.

'Roger is well enough,' said Mrs Hartwell, and I shall say nothing against the match, now he has left his shoemaking. A merchant's wife has a very respectable station, but nothing very grand. However, if Lucy has no ambition, it does no good for me to talk. I have already been too anxious about her marrying well.'

'I think, my dear, she is going to marry well,' said 'Squire Hartwell. 'Roger will be'——

'Yes, yes, husband, I have heard you say a thousand times he would be a great man; but I never saw any prospect of it, for my part. Now Anna Minot, in my opinion, does marry well. Mr Trumbull is a lawyer, and may yet be a judge.'

'And so may Roger.'

'Oh, that is impossible. He has never been educated, Mr Hartwell.'

'He can educate himself.'

'Well, well——neither you nor I shall ever live to see
ROGER SHERMAN a JUDGE!'

—But they did live to see **ROGER SHERMAN a JUDGE.**

MARY CLINTON.

ONE fair morning in the month of flowers and sunshine, 'resplendent June,' in the year 18—, (but let that pass, no matter about settling *exactly* the chronology of the events I am about to record), I saw my baggage carelessly tossed on board a steam-boat lying at Albany, and as carelessly stepping in after it, found myself in the midst of a throng of my fellow-beings—men, women, children. It was in truth a various group—fit subject for the study of the philosopher, or pen of the poet, and therefore full of attractions to a young fellow like myself, in the first flush of manhood—with, it may be, hardly enough of philosophy, and a little more than enough of poetry in his composition.

Among the ladies were bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, graceful forms, and snowy hands, hair of every hue, from glossy jet black, to the rich, golden, glowing tinge; the lofty tread, the queenly air—all, all the bright array of female loveliness. Ah! how my heart throbbed, as my eye *glanced* from grace to grace; but it *fixed* at last on one;—the rest indeed were fair, but they were only beauties of the earth—she looked as if she had just descended from a purer world than ours. Shall I attempt to

describe her? no, for I am sure I should not succeed. How often a beautiful conception fills the mind, and burning thoughts seem ready to give it birth; we strive to embody the bright vision—to clothe these thoughts in words, and then we feel that language is cold and passionless. Besides, it was a something *indescribable* which charmed me;—though she were passing fair, it was not *that*—though her fine forehead and eloquent eye spoke ‘a soul within,’ it was not *that*; perhaps it was the halo which pure and heavenly thoughts shed about her face,—its chastened, peaceful expression,—the quiet resignation written there.

She put away the dark curls which rested upon her forehead, looked wistfully and sadly towards the far west, and then with a feeble step retired to the cabin.

Mine was a journey of pleasure. I landed at Hudson, ascended the hills, loitered in the vallies, and gathered fossils, and mosses, and flowers, while wandering on amidst picturesque scenery, towards my ultimate destination, a beautiful village in the western part of Massachusetts. In this way I contrived to while away more than four days, in travelling some thirty miles. The morning of the fifth, however, found me set down at the village inn, and shaking hands most cordially with my old college friend, Dr. Wallace.

Charles Wallace was a fine fellow—a little too sensitive, perhaps, to elbow his way through a rough world; and too generous and disinterested to make a fortune in it,—but he was a fine fellow, nevertheless. I never discovered that he had a fault; yet there were not wanting those who preferred serious charges against him. They said he did not give himself up, heart and soul, to his profession—that there were other studies and pursuits which he loved better—that Scott, and More, and Edgeworth, or some other of the constellation of gifted writers who have shone upon our favored age, were found in his hands quite as often as his medical books:—it was clear, therefore, that his reading was too various, too extensive. Then his benevolence knew no limits—it embraced the whole family of man. To whatever promised the melioration, the advancement, the moral improvement of society, he gave the whole weight of his influence, the entire energies of his soul. He did not wait to see whether the scheme were popular; whether the rich and powerful deigned to accord it their approbation; nor even, whether his own friends and patrons supported it—he only

asked, Is it right ? is it best ? will it do good ? and then he acted. No matter if the world was all against him ; no matter if the finger of scorn was raised, and the tongue of ridicule let loose—he swerved not from duty.

‘ Now this will never do,’ said a neighbor of Wallace’s, a shrewd observer, but a mere man of the world, to me one day, while we were discussing his character, ‘ this will never do. We must bend to the breeze—we must swim with the current. Public opinion is all powerful—we must respect it, we must yield to it.’

‘ Whether right or wrong ?’ said I.

‘ Why ye—no—not quite so bad as that either. But is it wise for a young fellow like Wallace, who has friends and fortune to make for himself, to set up his own peculiar notions, and obstinately abide by them, in the very teeth of public opinion ?’

‘ Certainly not, if the only merit of these notions is, that they are his.’

‘ Oh ! I am not going to discuss the merit of these notions—they may be true, they may be false. But is it prudent for him to stand by them so stoutly whenever they are attacked ? would it not be much more for his interest to disclaim or soften them down a little, when he finds they are giving offence ? or, if he cannot bring himself to do that, just say nothing at all about them ?’

‘ Why, if his interest ought to be *paramount* to every other consideration, perhaps it would. But what are those peculiar notions of which you are talking ?’

‘ Oh ! they are all about doing good—about making the world wiser, and better, and happier. The temperance cause, for instance—Wallace was among the very first who enlisted in the service ; and a most efficient recruit he proved—he urged, and argued, and implored, as if his very life depended upon success.’

‘ And he probably felt that much more than *his* life did depend upon it.’

‘ Perhaps so,’ rejoined the gentleman, with a slight curl of the lip. ‘ I profess no sympathy with this disinterested and universal benevolence. I think if a man takes care of himself, and his own family, pays his minister’s tax, and school tax, and a good round sum for the support of the poor in his own town, he does all the good that can reasonably be asked of him.’

Now I cannot conceive of what possible consequence it is to Wallace, or you, or me, whether our neighbor drinks brandy, or lets it alone, treats his family cruelly or kindly, pampers or starves them, clothes them in satin or in rags—let every one, say I, manage his own affairs in his own way. Then what need of getting up a crusade against the poor southern planters; what is it to me whether they raise their sugar and cotton by free, or slave labor, if I get enough of each cheap and good? And what is it to me whether the African be bond or free, toil willingly, and for sufficient remuneration, or by compulsion, and without hope of reward. I cannot right him—if he is wronged, let him right himself.’

‘Why, certainly,’ I replied, ‘all these things *are* nothing to us, if we do not belong to the great brotherhood of man; and even if we do, they *need* be nothing to us, provided we can entirely get rid of *feeling* and *conscience*.’

The gentleman whistled and walked away, and I was left to muse upon the varieties of human character. But the desire to record this gentleman’s *singular* opinions, has tempted me from the legitimate object of my story.

Wallace’s welcome was such as hearts of deep feeling alone know how to give. Time’s sands, transmuted to ‘diamond sparks,’ wasted rapidly, while we lived over again our happy college days. But at the striking of the village clock, Wallace looked at his watch, and said with an air of embarrassment which puzzled me, for I could see no reason for it, ‘I have a patient to visit this morning. Will you accompany me, or shall I leave you here to amuse yourself as you may, amongst my miscellaneous volumes?’

‘Oh! I will go with you,’ I said, ‘if you will permit me. I love to study human nature, you know; and in the chamber of sickness I shall view it in a new form.’

‘In a new form to you, my dear friend,’ replied Wallace, with a sad smile. ‘You, as yet, have studied only the poetry of our being—the gushing fountain of affection—the pure stream of benevolence—the tenderness, and truth, and delicacy of female character—happily, you know little of vice in its unhallowed haunts, and less, much less of the ten thousand forms of suffering. Oh! my dear Wilton, how often my heart grows sick at the physical and mental anguish I am compelled to witness, and cannot relieve. But the lady we are to visit,’ he added, after a pause, ‘is not very ill; we shall find her, I hope, in the parlor with her mother.’

‘The patient then is a lady, and young—perhaps beautiful—happy Wallace!’ My wayward tongue was always betraying me into indiscretions; these few foolish words touched a too sensitive chord in the heart of my friend,—he did not say so indeed, but I had long since learned to read the language of his expressive face. He took my arm silently, and silently we pursued our walk—for I was conscience stricken, and Wallace lost to all things save the object of it.

What means that varying color, and unsteady step? thought I, as a servant answered our summons and showed us through the hall. But I had no time to speculate about it, for the parlor door was thrown open, and I found my eyes again resting upon the beautiful being whose image had, for the last few days, mingled alike with my visions by night, and thoughts by day. It was no illusion—there she stood by the open window, gathering a cluster of roses which grew beside it, the very personification of a young poet’s day-dream. A brief greeting passed and then she bared her wrist, and held it out to my friend with a smile—such a smile—he pressed it with light and trembling fingers.

‘I am better to-day,’ she said as she bent her calm, yet tender eye upon the agitated countenance of Wallace.

‘Much, much better,’ said the mother, rising and approaching them. ‘You see there is scarcely a perceptible flush in her cheeks to-day, and her pulse moves so equally and placidly;—she is surely much better.’ There was an imploring and appealing earnestness in her look and tone, which seemed to say, ‘Oh do not dash my hopes.’

‘She is better,’ Wallace replied, withdrawing his fingers from the pulse, which till now he had continued to count, and raising his eyes, radiant with new-born hope, to Mrs. Clinton’s face, ‘decidedly better. All the threatening symptoms seem allayed as if by magic; the pulse moves regularly, the nervous excitability is quieted, the feverish blood which yesterday flushed the cheek, to-day moves in a healthful current through the veins. I cannot account for it; I hardly dare trust the evidence of my senses.’

‘Yet you may, you safely may,’ said the invalid smiling. ‘The words *mother*, *home*, and a *heart at ease*, will sufficiently account for it; you, even you, Charles, know not all their power.’

‘Then I have seen Mary Clinton,’ said I, as the door closed after us.

‘You have seen Mrs. Stanley, Frank,’ replied my friend, almost in a tone of reproach.

‘Yes, Charles, but I cannot bear to think of her by that name ;—Mary Clinton draws around it so many precious and long-cherished associations.—Ah ! how I loved in our college days to sit beside you, and listen as you poured forth your full heart in her praise ; while with the devoted affection of a young and trusting heart, you declared, that for her you could joyfully sacrifice all save your duty.’

‘But why press this subject now, dear Wilton ? I have never dared to dwell upon it, to reason about it ; for all the powers of my mind, all the active duties of life, even the command of virtue, has sometimes failed to put down thoughts, regrets that’——he stopped, withdrew his arm from mine, and walked more rapidly onward.

Wallace had from boyhood been the companion, guardian, and guide of Mary Clinton. His mother’s neat little cottage stood within a few paces of Mr. Clinton’s more stately residence ; and similarity of tastes and pursuits, joined to constant and kindly intercourse, awakened, between Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Clinton, a friendship of no ordinary character. Charles was a few years older than Mary, and while the ladies sat, or walked together, Mrs. Clinton, with perfect confidence, often consigned her to his care. He first guided her infant footsteps to the village school-house, and watched over her while there, with the tenderness of an elder brother. She flew to him with all her little troubles—if the sum would not prove, or the place could not be found upon the map, or a little girl had treated her unkindly.—no matter what the grievance, she looked to Charles for sympathy and assistance, and both were always ready for her. The master’s gentlest rebuke, seemed harsh to him, if addressed to Mary ; the most reasonable restraint cruel, if she were to submit to it ; even the fresh summer breeze that displaced her bright auburn curls, seemed to him to ‘visit her cheek too roughly.’ Poor fellow ! he would, if he could, have shielded her from the slightest touch of sorrow.

Well, time sped on in this unrestrained and happy intercourse, till Mary was sent to a seminary in a distant city, and Charles left his mother’s house to toil and earn his way, unassisted,

through the field of science. At college we were class-mates, and room-mates, and very soon friends and confidants ; for he had that about him which won all hearts. Even in these early days he was remarkable for high and holy principle, an almost total absence of selfishness, pure, unyielding, uncompromising integrity, an earnest, nay, a passionate desire to do good, to make himself useful in the world, and a modesty that shrunk from notice with almost girlish sensitiveness—those rare and characteristic traits of his after life. This dislike to be made the subject of observation was so great, that the kind encouragement and praise of his friends seemed to give him pain ; and in all indifferent things he yielded his own opinions, conveniences, and preferences, not merely because courtesy and Christian meekness demanded it, but because he shrunk from collision with any human being. Indeed it was only when defending the great principles of right, or urging some important duty, that he forgot his diffidence and the eyes which were upon him, and went on with an eloquence and power that bent for the moment all hearts to his purpose.

Wallace often said to me, while we sat together in our room, discussing with the light-hearted enthusiasm and sanguine hopes of young hearts, our future plans and destinies, ‘ Among the ten thousand worldly objects for which men live, and toil, and struggle, I have three, only three ; but they are absorbing ones. To their attainment I would devote all the talent, energy, and influence which my Father in heaven has given, or may give me, provided I can do so in obedience to his will.’

I well remember my light response the first time he made this declaration, and the shame and contrition I felt when he answered me. ‘ You then have *three* darling objects in view,’ I said ; ‘ all of them no doubt worthy your head and heart. Well, I frankly own I have but *one*, a noble one, though,—to make myself a name in the world ; for that I would live, for that I would almost be willing to die. Now as freely name your *three*, and then we will fairly weigh their worth against this *one* of mine.’

‘ My first object, Frank, is to fulfil my duty to my mother—to scatter flowers in the path of her who has been to me a guardian angel ; my second to do good to my fellow beings ; and my third’—here followed a pause so long, that I said, somewhat impatiently, ‘ Well, Charles, what is it ?’

‘ A selfish one ; therefore it ought to be, and must be subordinate to the others. Yet how hard to subdue the rebellious

passions, to discipline the wayward heart, and guide it on in the 'strait and narrow way.'

'To me,' I said 'this is impossible, quite, quite impossible. But you, Wallace, seem to choose the right, and do the right, without effort, just as if it were a matter of course.'

'You think so, dear Wilton, because you cannot look into the heart and see the struggles there. This object which reason, principle, and conscience tell me, should be a subordinate one, often pleads for pre-eminence, and my treacherous inclination brings forward most specious arguments in support of the claim: a deep, and I believe just sense of duty, early implanted by my mother's teachings and example, alone saves my virtue from yielding in the struggle. For their own sakes I care little for wealth or fame; yet my spirit often yearns to cast aside every restraint which impedes my onward course to win the glittering baubles, because in the world's eye, their possession seems necessary to render me worthy her to whom my heart is too entirely, too devotedly given up.'

'Pardon me, Wallace, but this really does seem like being over scrupulous. How can you be too entirely, too devotedly attached to Mary, if she be as worthy as you think her.'

'Simply, dear Wilton, because there is One worthy of *all* love, *all* devotion, who has said 'Give *me* thy heart.' 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart, and with *all* thy soul, and with *all* thy mind.' But I have yet another reason. Whatever earthly object engrosses the thoughts, entices the spirit rising to heaven, back again to earth, and solicits us to stray from the path of duty, it is clear has too strong a hold of the affections, and should be watched, and, as far as may be, repressed. Over-scrupulous! you will in your turn pardon me, I hope; the term so applied, seems to me a solecism. Now, in the Book, which you, as well as I, acknowledge should be a rule of life, I find many such exhortations as these: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on the earth,' 'Love not the world, nor the things of the world;' but not an intimation that we may be over-scrupulous, or over-watchful, in guarding against, and subduing this love for the world, and desire for its treasures.'

'It is even so; therefore, I give it up. Really, Wallace, there is little gained by arguing with you; for it is so seldom one can catch you in the wrong; and even if one does, by some rare chance, you are so ready to acknowledge it, that

there is no triumph in victory. Now this one object of my life, the merit of which I proposed to weigh with yours,—I foresee your first question will be ‘what is it *worth*?’ and I shall be obliged to answer just nothing at all,—so again I shall be found in the wrong.’

Wallace smiled. ‘Why the fame of a Paul, a Howard, a Martyn, a Wilberforce, so far as it stimulates others to follow where they have led, certainly is worth something. But what is the fame of a Caesar, a Buonaparte, or a Byron worth?’

‘Less than nothing, Charles; therefore, for its own sake, I will seek fame no longer. Usefulness, henceforward, shall be my motto, as it is yours; and if fame come through that medium it shall be welcome; if not, I will try to live without it.’

‘But if you meet with opposition and obloquy, what then?’ asked Wallace.

‘Why, you, I suppose would say, they shall be welcome too—but I have not enough of the spirit of a martyr for that.’

‘Yet there is a principle deep and strong enough to sustain us through all trials.’

Here the conversation ended, and here I will return to the story from which the delineation of my friend’s character has again tempted me.

Wallace in due time left college, and commenced the study of medicine with the physician of his native village. He lived with his mother, and again saw Mary every day; yet months passed and his shrinking sensitive spirit and perhaps a fear that she might think him presumptuous and mercenary, still sealed his lips: but this could not always last. One fair summer morning, while Mary’s hand rested upon his arm, as they paused in their walk, to look at the bright, beautiful river, sparkling and glancing in the sunbeams like fluid diamonds, the long-treasured, long-hidden secret of his love, burst from his lips. How she received it I may not tell—I may not interpret the language of her drooping eye, and glowing cheek.—It is enough for the reader to know, that Wallace went to his mother’s cottage that morning, a happy man; and Mary as she sought the sanctuary of her own room, felt, that henceforward, life would be to her bright as a dream of fairy-land.

The visual organ of lovers, we believe is rarely clear enough to look at life *as it is*; a successful one, sees only cloudless skies, golden suns, and a pathway strewn with roses; one

unsuccessful, beholds nothing but thorns and briers through all the road, and darkness and storms around him. Just as if a single good granted or withheld, could 'cast the color of our fate,'—as if the heart could hold but one object, throb with but one emotion, respond to but one sentiment—as if this wide world arrayed in its drapery of beauty, its thousand and ten thousand innocent delights, its duties and its charities, its joys and sorrows, were as nothing compared with the half-worshipped idol. But, perhaps, it is hardly worth while to combat the delusion, for it is the delusion of young hearts alone, and soon passes away.

'You know, my dear child,' said Mrs. Clinton, in reply to Mary's communication, as she bent towards her and kissed her blushing cheek, 'that Charles from infancy has been to me as a son, and almost my first earthly wish is to see him indeed one; but my approbation will avail little unless I can win your father's.'

'My father! Oh, surely he will not hinder the happiness of his child.'

Mrs. Clinton sighed; she would not impart her misgiving to Mary; she could not bear to dash her hopes. 'I will go to him, dearest,' she said; 'it is best that I should speak to him first about it.' * * * *

'And so Charles Wallace wants to marry my daughter, and set up business with my money; but he sha'nt do it, Mrs. Clinton,' said Mr. Clinton, in his most positive manner, 'he sha'nt do it.'

'I am sure Charles does not think about our money,' replied Mrs. Clinton, 'his sole wish is to obtain our consent to his union with Mary, when he shall have completed his studies and respectably established himself in his profession.'

'Do you think, Mrs. Clinton, that Mary will long be satisfied with the establishment of a country physician? Do you believe she can live without the luxuries to which she is accustomed? Can she do her own work with the help of one servant, and take care of her husband's out-door affairs into the bargain, whenever he happens to have an extraordinary number of patients on his hands? No, no, Mrs. Clinton; Mary is not equal to these things.'

'These troubles will be to her but dust in the balance, compared to the hopelessness of disappointed affection, the wearing of long heart-sickness.'

‘Hopelessness, heart-sickness, will not last long in a girl of seventeen, depend upon it ; leave her to me, and I will engage she shall recover her spirits in a month.’ Mrs. Clinton shook her head despondingly, and Mr. Clinton went on : ‘ You know, Mrs. Clinton, that I have long had other views for Mary.’

‘ Yes, Mr. Clinton,’ answered the wife hesitatingly, ‘ but the gentleman is so unworthy, that I hoped—’

‘ Mr. Stanley, John Stanley unworthy ! ’ returned the husband angrily. ‘ A man who is master of the most magnificent house and grounds and largest fortune in the county ;—unworthy, Mrs. Clinton ? ’

‘ Surely you would not determine the man’s merit by the weight of his purse ? ’ said Mrs. Clinton indignantly, her feelings quite overcoming her prudence. ‘ Think of his homely person, awkward manners, and vulgar, uncultivated mind ; how could we bear to see him beside our beautiful and accomplished daughter.’

‘ I could bear it much better, than to see her the wife of a poor widow’s son.’

Oh, the littleness of pride ! thought Mrs. Clinton, as she answered, ‘ What if Wallace is but a poor widow’s son ! ’—

“ The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man ’s the gowd for a’ that.”

‘ Compare, if you please, Mr. Clinton, the person, manners, talents and characters of the two gentlemen. Consider Wallace’s high standing in the world,—looked up to, listened to with respect upon all occasions, though he has none of the factitious advantages of wealth and family to back him ; every where you hear him spoken of, as the first, the most rising young man in the county. And he will ; rise he has in his character, all the elements of greatness, and of goodness, which is better than greatness. How many of our first men have educated themselves, made themselves, risen by dint of merit alone ! —and so Wallace will rise. Talents and industry, and character like his, *will* make their own way ; they *will* be appreciated, for we are surrounded by those who know how to appreciate them. Now let us return to Mr. Stanley, his money his only passport into good society, where he is just tolerated, that is all. Look forward to future years—his sole distinction still, “ rich Stanley,” and that always will remain his sole distinc-

tion ; for his notorious want of intellect and education must forever bar him from every other.'

'Stanley at least has sense enough to get money, and to keep it ; a more useful quality in my opinion than any which Wallace possesses.'

'Yes if money were the only good, or the chief good,' replied Mrs. Clinton.

'Well, talking is of no use, Mrs. Clinton, for I have made up my mind,' said the gentleman rising, and walking impatiently about the room.

Now Mr. Clinton was one who prided himself upon never changing his mind. 'I have made up my mind, so no more need be said,' was his ordinary phrase, and after it had passed his lips, argument and entreaty upon that point were alike in vain. He had, besides, a sort of undefinable fear continually upon his mind that the world would think his wife governed him, and under the influence of this fear he was often as absurdly perverse and obstinate as a rational being could well be. Mrs. Clinton perceived that her anxiety to succeed had betrayed her into indiscretion. Her earnestness had awakened in her husband that jealousy of power which it had been wiser to lull to repose. But it was too late to help it ; and silently, and with a heavy heart she returned to Mary. 'Is there no hope, then ?' asked Mary, when Mrs. Clinton finished her report. The mother's pale cheek alone answered. Mary, too, was very pale ; but with all her wonted affection, she tried to speak words of comfort. 'Mine has been a happy life,' she said ; 'dear mother,—all bright and sunny—and what if clouds do darken it now, they will disperse—hope to my 'mind's eye' braids a radiant bow that spans the future. Still, still, I will believe its promise and be happy.'

Alas ! her heart, even then, was almost breaking,—yet for worlds she would not have uttered a word which she did not believe to be true—for worlds she would not wilfully have deceived her mother ;—she tried to cast the burden from her spirits ; she tried to believe that she might hope, and really to be, what she wished her mother to think her—happy.

Her efforts, it is true, were not *at once* successful, for the passions are not *easily* subdued. He who contends for victory over them, must have long patience, and neither weary or shrink, though called to renew the conflict day by day. Mary did not weary, though her strength was tried to the utmost, for

her father continued immovable, and in time reaped her legitimate reward—the perturbed workings of her heart at last gave place to quiet resignation, and sickening anticipation, to calm and simple trust in the guiding and guarding hand of her heavenly Father.

Wallace's own pen can best describe his thoughts and feelings, at this time. Just before Mary's marriage, in answer to a letter of mine, he says, —‘ The suggestions contained in your letter, were not new to me, dear Wilton ; they had often, too often for my peace, forced themselves into my mind before I received it. It was, I must tell you the truth, a cruel task to read them, for they awakened afresh the struggle which inclination will not cease to maintain with duty. Dear, dear Wilton, is it not enough to contend with the pleadings of my own heart ? will you, too, turn a traitor to my virtue at its utmost need ? But pardon me ; I do not mean to reproach you ; indeed I ought not ; for the *cruel* task, has I think, proved a *profitable* one. I had never dared fairly to face the subject. It had been but a forced and hurried glance I had sometimes ventured to cast at the arguments, upon each side of the question, as they rose in my mind,—I had never dared to weigh them deliberately. But your letter in a manner compelled me to do it ; and the conclusion is irresistible, that reason and principle alike forbid me to follow my own inclination, or your advice, which so well accords with it.

‘ In the enthusiasm of your affection you implore me to act upon your suggestions, and be, what I may be, and deserve to be—happy. But, dear Wilton, who was ever happy in doing wrong, or in tempting others to do it ? I do not presume to determine Mary's duty, or her mother's ; but my own I know, and I dare not act contrary to it. How can I ask that pure and gentle being to trust herself to my affection, to confide in my integrity, at the very moment I am tempting her to cast off the authority which God has given the father over his child. But you say this authority is stretched beyond lawful bounds. I frankly confess that I think so too. Assuredly a parent can have no right to compel a child to pronounce vows which it cannot fulfil. But then I may not do wrong because another does it ; I may not disregard myself, or tempt another to disregard in due instance lawful authority, because in another that authority is unlawfully exerted.

‘ But you ask, as if secure the plea would prove irresistible,

“Do you not feel for Mary?” Feel for Mary! and you, my friend, to ask it, as if my heart were marble! But even in strong temptation, I must not desert my principles—no, no, though my heart break still I must do right. While we do our duty, I may safely trust her and myself in our Father’s hands, secure that he will do all things well for us.

‘Then you intreat me to think of the consequences, if Mary be united to another. Dear Wilton, consequences are in the hands of God—man cannot foresee or control, therefore he must not shape his actions with reference to them: it is his business to do, just what duty dictates to be done, and leave the rest with him, who sees the “end from the beginning.”

‘You see I have endeavored calmly and dispassionately, as you bid me, to reply to the chief points upon which your letter touches; what strong constraint I have been obliged to put upon my feelings while doing it, you cannot know. And now I trust this subject is forever at rest between us:—if you wish me to continue master of myself, a comfort to my mother, a being not utterly useless in the world, let not the most distant allusion to it again escape you—I cannot bear it:—memory must not be busy—my thoughts must not go back, the only safe refuge for them is in constant mental occupation, that alone can charm away the deep depression which steals over my spirit.’

This was the language of my friend, and his whole conduct was in accordance with it. He did not suffer this sore trial at all to impair his activity, and usefulness, or his intellectual powers. The hope which threw a halo over coming years was indeed gone; but that which passed by all time, still shed undimmed splendors upon the world beyond the tomb; and so in the singleness of his heart he was enabled to live more entirely with reference to that world. Self seemed almost annihilated in him: he sought happiness for himself only by bestowing it on others: his young heart, hitherto too much absorbed by one object, now poured forth its full fountain of affection upon every living thing. He grew more desirous if possible to brighten his mother’s latter days, to ward from her even the lightest ills. I could relate many beautiful instances of his devotion to her, and of his self-denial for her sake. But my story already grows too long; I may linger to relate but one.

He might no longer think of Mary, and yet everything about

him reminded him of her. How often, when she was a little thing, and could just lisp his name, had he heard her joyous shout at sight of him, while he stood by that open window. How often had he tasked his boyish skill, to rear for her upon that green, the bridge, the cottage, the castle, or the palace ; and with more than boyish patience, varied the form of the mimic structure till it pleased her infant fancy. How often in later years, had he sprang through that gate, with a step so light that it scarce bent the grass beneath his feet, and a heart still lighter, to join her in her morning or evening walk. There stood the sofa, upon which she used to rest ; and beneath the window grew a rose-bush, from which she had gathered the flowers an hundred times. Her presence seemed to pervade everything he touched or looked upon ; here, he felt, he could not cease to think of her ; and he longed to go where he should meet with no memorials, to remind him of happier days. But he would not desert his mother ; and he would not ask her to sever the ties which bind the aged so strongly to their native place, the scenes that have been familiar from childhood, the roof that has long sheltered them, and the faithful friends, who for many years have shared with them the griefs and joys of life. He was even careful that she should not suspect his wish, lest her affection should urge her to insist upon making the sacrifice, or the anxiety she already felt for his peace of mind be increased till it destroyed her own.

So, with the patient endurance of a martyr, he staid and saw Mary pass from her father's to her husband's house, a sad and pale-faced bride: he staid and often met her in their visits and walks; for in the little circle to which they both belonged, this was unavoidable, and still the same deep sadness, the same marble paleness sat upon her face.

‘ Oh ! it goes to my heart,’ he exclaimed one day, a few weeks after her marriage, as he came in from a walk ; ‘ it goes to my very heart ; that look of meek uncomplaining woe.’ It was the first time he had suffered his feelings to overpower him in his mother's presence, and she looked up at him with surprise and alarm.

‘ Poor, poor Mary ! dear mother have you seen her lately ? Do you know what a patient victim she is ? ’

‘ Dear, dear Charles,’ said Mrs. Wallace, and burst into tears.

He threw himself beside her, and tried to repair the mischief

he had done. 'Do not grieve, dear mother,' he said; 'it was but a momentary burst of feeling,—it will soon pass away.'

The unhappy mother shook her head with an expression of doubt and anxiety. 'No, my son, this is not the place for you just now; I have long thought so, but I could not bring myself to speak of it before. You need relaxation and amusement;—go and spend a few weeks with your friend Wilton.'

'And leave you to mourn alone over my withered hopes; dearest mother, do not ask it of me. Besides, it is not relaxation and amusement, but constant occupation which is best for me. I went out just now, for relaxation and amusement, when the sight of Mary so over-mastered me. Had my mind been busy upon some useful and important object, and my hands engaged in performing it, this painful scene would have been spared you.'

'But, Charles, this continual conflict is wearing your very life away—if your health and strength should fail'—

'Do not fear it, dear mother. At first, I own, it required all the powers of my mind to turn my thoughts from this absorbing subject; but the effort is every day becoming less difficult and painful; in time I shall be able to take an interest in my ordinary pursuits; in time my heart will cast off the weight which now oppresses it—give me but home.'

'Time shall be given you, my dear Charles. I can wait, I think, long and patiently, if I may but nourish the hope of seeing you happier. And now we will leave this subject, and not touch upon it again, until we are more able to bear it—is it not best, my son?'

Wallace pressed the hand which he held in his own, and then took up a book which he had been reading aloud to her before he went out.

* * * * *

Well, months passed away, when Mr. and Mrs. Clinton learned with dismay, that Mr. Stanley was about to exchange his valuable property for a township in the far-off western wilderness.

'He sha'nt do it,' said Mr. Clinton to Mary, who made the communication to them, as soon as he a little recovered from his surprise, 'he sha'nt do it; so be comforted. I'll go this minute and show him that 'tis a foolish scheme.' And he hurried away.

But Mr. Clinton found this more difficult than he had imagined. The truth was, Mr. Stanley had a *will* as well as his father-in-law ; and the more *zealously* Mr. Clinton opposed the project, the more *fixed* grew Mr. Stanley's resolution to go on with it. As the gentlemen were both in *earnest*, the debate soon grew warmer than was altogether decorous, considering the relation in which they stood to each other ; and it ended by Mr. Clinton's throwing himself passionately out of the house, muttering to himself as he went, ' I wish Mary had married Charles Wallace ; he has got some sense and feeling, and would never have thought of taking her away from her parents, and burying her in a log-hut in the woods, to gratify such a foolish freak. But it sha'nt be, it sha'nt be.'

What moved Stanley to this scheme, was a mystery to the world. Some supposed one motive, some another ; but none were right. The real one was ambition. Ambition ! Yes, even John Stanley could be ambitious.

' Here,' he thought to himself, ' my money procures me but little consideration—in my own township I shall be a great man.'

So in the hope of being a great man, he completed his bargain with the wily speculator, who had first awakened his ambition. And early in the ensuing spring, with Mary and her infant boy, and a male and female domestic, he set out for his Eden in the wilderness. He made no preliminary visit to it himself, because he was assured, again and again, by the *honest man* of whom he purchased it, that great improvements had been made, that a nice, comfortable house was ready to receive them, and that really to take such a journey merely for the purpose of examining the place, would be throwing away time and money. And he, simple, honest man, believed it.

It was a wearisome journey—for the grand canal was not then even projected—but, like all things sublunary, it at last ended. Late in the afternoon of a dark, drizzling day, the travellers emerged from the woods (which, to Mary and her female companion, had seemed interminable) into a small cleared space, made by the hand of man ; and directly before them stood a dwelling composed of logs, in the last stage of decay.

' This is the place,' exclaimed the man Mr. Stanley had hired as a guide on the last settlement through which they had passed.

‘This the place,’ repeated Mr. Stanley, looking round upon the improvements with an expression of blank dismay in his face, ‘this the place? impossible!’

‘Jest as if I didn’t know this ’ere clearing, Mr. Stanley, when I cut down half the trees myself,’ said the guide, a little piqued.

‘But is there no other house, and no other ‘clearing’ in the township?’

‘I don’t know of no other; and I guess I know as much about the place as any body in the settlement,’ replied the man.

Nothing remained, therefore, but to enter the forlorn abode. As she crossed the threshold, thoughts of ‘home, sweet home,’ pressed upon Mary’s heart, and a tear dimmed her eye; she brushed it quickly away, she hoped without being noticed; but, Hannah, her kind domestic, was quick to mark every thing that related to her mistress, and she whispered, ‘Keep up a good heart, ma’am—to be sure it an’t like your father’s house, but then’—Mary turned away, she could hear no more. Poor Hannah! she meant well, but she was an unskilful comforter.

Mr. Stanley, like a true yankee, battled bravely with his unexpected difficulties—but in homely, though expressive phrase, ‘every thing went against him.’ His township, like most new settlements, proved unhealthy. ‘The fever’ attacked his laborers, one after another, and finally fastened upon his iron frame. The struggle proved short, for the symptoms were violent in proportion to his previous full habit, and unbroken health; and in less than six months from the commencement of their unfortunate journey, Mary found herself a widow in a strange land. She would now have set her face homeward without delay; but her little boy had been very delicate all summer, and at the time of Mr. Stanley’s death, a slow fever was gradually wasting him away. All she could do was to remove him to the nearest ‘settlement,’ where he could have the daily attendance of a physician, and more comforts than she could command in her own solitary abode.

Henry was a sweet child; and he had twined himself the more closely about Mary’s heart, because there was no other object near her, upon which she could lavish the treasure of her love—and she watched him day after day with an untiring, self-sacrificing devotion, that stole away her strength and wasted

her to a shadow—but it was all in vain ; he was not of earth, and he might not linger here.

It was winter when Mary was released from the care of her child ; and therefore, though her heart yearned for her mother and her home, she was compelled to put off the journey until spring ; and even then, she afterwards declared, she had grown so weak and nervous, that she could never have accomplished it without the efficient care and support of Hannah.

It was on this homeward journey that I saw her. She pressed on as fast as her weak health permitted, and had been at her father's three days when I arrived at the office of my friend. Wallace, who was rapidly winning eminence in his profession, was immediately summoned to prescribe for her. Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Clinton thought, (for Mary's sorrows had entirely changed the nature of the unhappy and self-accusing father), that to 'minister to the mind diseased,' was more important than to medicine the corporeal frame. Whatever were their reasons, Wallace was certainly preferred to his senior—and wisely ; for his treatment of the patient proved successful. I loitered away several weeks in this gem of a village, and before I left it, Mary had almost won back the bright, fresh looks of her girlish days. Her smile, indeed, was something less joyous, her step less light, and sad remembrance for a brief moment, did sometimes cast a shade upon her brow—but these were all the traces grief had left,—a deep, but quiet, and chastened happiness dwelt in her heart, and threw its light upon the present, and touched with rain-bow tints the future.

Wallace, too, was an altered man. The color deepened in his hueless cheek ; the light, so long quenched, again kindled in his eye ; and the smile that was wont to play there, came back unbidden to his lip.

'Many bright days will be to you yet, my friend,' I said as I shook his hand while the stage-coach stood waiting for me ; he pressed mine, and we parted. It proved a brief parting. The last flowers of summer were fading when I left that beautiful and quiet valley ; and the mountains which surrounded it, had but just put on their autumnal drapery, when Wallace wrote to invite me to his wedding. 'You kindly shared my sorrows, dear Wilton,' he wrote, 'now come and be happy with me.'

My friend was not in his office when I arrived, neither was he with his mother; and I hastened to Mr. Clinton's. There I found him pacing the piazza, with Mary's small snowy hand resting upon his arm. It was a fair, soft, October evening; and the eastern mountain, wrapped in its gorgeous robe of many-tinted leaves, sparkled in the setting sun's glorious rays, like a vast pile of ten thousand various gems. 'Is it not beautiful?' said Mary, as she paused in her walk and pointed to the magnificent spectacle—but Wallace's eyes rested upon that fair hand, and forgot to look further. I smiled at their direction, and roused him to obey the bell which summoned us to tea, prepared earlier than usual, in kindness to the weary and hungry traveller. Such placid, yet heart-felt happiness, as sat upon each face about the board, I had never seen before; even Mr. Clinton's noisy and sometimes coarse garrulity, was quite subdued by the sweet influences about him.

I arrived two days before the wedding, and therefore had abundance of time to discuss with Wallace their future plans. 'Where are you going to live, Charles?' I asked in the midst of an interesting conversation about them: 'Is that settled yet?'

'I am afraid,' he answered, 'that you will think me very imprudent and improvident; but it really is not. Mr. Clinton insisted upon taking this business upon himself; and ever since he has been incessantly bustling about from morning till night, in the happiest mood imaginable; sometimes consulting architects and examining plans, and sometimes going over the house and grounds of any of our neighbors who are willing to talk about making a bargain,—but as yet he has come to no decision.'

'In the mean time what are you to do, Charles?'

'Oh, Mary has settled that in her own sweet, and perhaps you will think romantic way. 'Let us go to your mother's cottage for a few weeks, Charles,' she said to me the other day; 'next to my father's house it is the dearest spot on earth to me—nay, don't demur on account of room, I can manage all that nicely. Then it will be such a relief to my father's mind, for he begins to fear lest he shall not have time to suit himself, and make all his arrangements exactly according to his fancy.' Mr. Clinton's pride was a *little* hurt when she first proposed it to him. But he finally kindly said, 'If it suits you, it shall suit me, Mary. It's all my fault that you have n't

a more fitting residence provided,—but then, I find it so difficult to make up my mind.'

The bridal day was fair, soft, and still,—the winds slept in their distant caves, scarcely a breath stirred the leaves, or dimpled the mirror'd surface of the river, while all nature rejoiced in the unwonted warmth of the sun's cheering beams.

After the ceremony was over, and the sound of glad congratulating voices had ceased, Mr. Clinton, with a heart full to overflowing, drew a little from the crowd, and said, 'Now, I am happy, Mr. Wilton, and that is what I could never say while Mary was Mrs. Stanley. But after all, I don't know as 't is worth while to be sorry about that foolish move of mine; for its consequences have learnt me a lesson I shall remember all my days; and they are happier now than if I had 'nt made it. But I suppose you do n't know all the disasters of Stanley's unfortunate bargain. It seems he was the complete dupe of the knave he dealt with. The villain's title to the township was disputed; he found he was like to lose it, and so cast about for some fool to take it off his hands, and found Stanley.'

'But have you examined into the affair,' I said. 'Perhaps, Mr. Stanley's title may yet prove good.'

'Yes, I have,' he answered, 'and find that the man who sold it to him, had no more right to it than I have. But let it go—I would not exchange that sweet smile, now playing on Mary's lip for all the western valley. Besides, I married my child for money, as if that were the only good, or the chief good; and it is just and right that she should come back to me penniless, to teach me my mistake. She'll be happy enough now, even though she has nothing but her husband's profession to depend on, I'll warrant. Dear child, how I love to look at her bright face—but she sha'nt need to depend on it—I have enough, and more than enough for us all.—Wallace sha'nt have to work to get a living; he shall only work when it pleases him, and to do good, for that is what he likes best;—God bless him.'

Stockbridge, Mass.

F.

Mary Delamere.

MARY Delamere was the daughter of a French peasant, who died while his child was but an infant and left as her only protectress his sorrow stricken widow. As Mary wandered amid the grape vines and wild roses which surrounded her mother's cottage in childhood her cheeks caught the bright hues from the wet leaves of the flowers, and her soul became imbued with the spirit of clusters which hung sparkling over her bowers of honeysuckle. At the age of fifteen she was a model for an Houri, possessing all the attractions of youth innocence and beauty. The village of Dermoley is beautifully situated among the wild scenery of Seine, and the cottage of the widow Delamere, formed a picturesque view among the natural and modestly artificial variety of that simple village. On the eve of Mary's sixteenth birth-day, and when she preparing for a rural festival, a stranger tarried at the village on his way to a neighboring city. He was a youth apparently twenty years of age, tall of stature, a dark complexion, a piercing eye, and an expansive forehead. He was attended by one servant, an Italian, who appeared to act as well in the capacity of a companion, as a menial. It is the custom among the French villagers, to invite all strangers to their rural entertainments, consequently Bertram (the name of the stranger) was invited to participate in Mary's birth day festival. The morning which ushered in the day on which it took place was one of uncommon splendor. The sun shone brilliantly, the sky looked clear, and almost transparent, whilst the cool breeze that rustled through the bushes purified and refreshed the atmosphere. As the village maidens gathered together beneath the wild vines that surrounded the cottage, twining wreaths of fresh flowers around their bright foreheads, and singing sketches of their romantic and pastoral ballads, they seemed a choir of vestal virgins celebrating the annual festival of Flora—Many of them sparkled in the clear sun light of beauty but far beyond all others, glowed in her unalloyed simplicity of innocence and elegance, was the gentle Mary. Her deep black tresses floated in loose ringlets over her snowy neck, and the clear blue of her eye seemed to have caught the glance of the sun beams as they sportively flashed on her long eye lashes. Her lip was thin, but beautifully curved, polished and round, and its dye was like the deep gush of the coral. In fine, she was the loveliest among the lovely, and the glad echo of her laugh, as it came forth from its incense and music rilled the soul of the hearer with an unimaginable emotion. The power of her smile was electric, and possessed the strength of the basilisk without its mingling of horrible fascination. Venus sat upon

her eyelids, whilst Cupid threw forth his darts from beneath their fringes.

Oh God! who that looked upon that young creature, bursting forth in the mildness of her beauty, like a rose-bud in the wilderness, could have meditated her ruin? Who that gazed upon the innocent transcendence of her countenance could have proposed to bind the cypress where the rose was blooming, and substitute a line of care, for a dimple of laughter? Gaily the day of festivity passed, and when twilight threw its melancholy tinge over nature, the village youths mingled with the maidens in the exultatory dance upon the green sward. Many an humble heart aspired to become the partner of the beautiful Mary, and felt a cold thrill pass over it as they beheld her, set after set, the companion of the stranger. His attentions to her were of the most subduing and insinuating character, and whilst the peasants envied him his superior fortune, they felt conscious that they never could have improved it as he appeared to do. The pleasure of the artless Mary was made manifest in a thousand unconscious acts and observations, and when the pastimes ceased, her heart felt a new sensation as the stranger raised her hand to his lips bidding her farewell. What feelings passed through his mind we are unable to say. He remained in the village however, for weeks after this circumstance, and missed no opportunity to become more intimate with Mary, and when he left the spot, it was with a promise to return again within a month. Wearily was that season passed by the artless creature, and unknowingly of the deep consequences of her frequent meditations, did she ponder upon the pleasing and commanding stranger. The month finally elapsed, and as another pressed upon its departure, Bertram returned to Dermoley, with his purpose strengthened to betray that innocent creature. Of all the arts he put in requisition for the furtherance of his demoniac purpose, and of all the sophistry he used in overcoming her virgin principles, it is unnecessary to speak. He was a man of the world, one who had mingled in fashionable life—she was the daughter of a peasant, and her heart was as unsophisticated as the chaunt of the woodland songster. Youth and beauty sat upon his countenance, eloquence and love fell from his lips. Mary became his victim, and her poor mother died broken hearted, and the finger of scorn followed the footsteps of the wretched girl for years, when she at length sunk into the tomb, wretched, forgotten and unknown. Bertram revelled in the pride of his depravity for a season, but was at length overtaken by poverty, became a miserable beggar, and perished in a fit of intoxication. If there is a hell, it will be the home of the libertine, and if any sin should be punished with an eternity of anguish, it is the horrible crime of seduction.

M A R Y D O U G L A S .

BY MISS L. P. L.

I HAD proceeded from Jamaica, the land of my nativity, to a certain college in the United States, with the intention of there completing the usual period of four years' university study; but my schemes as to education were suddenly blighted. An illness seized me which threatened to linger long in my frame, and by the earnest persuasions of the doctor I was induced to banish college and college associations from my mind, and to try the effects of a voyage home. My arrangements were soon made, and a vessel about to depart for the place of my destination offered a favorable opportunity for embarking.

The Sea-Bird was already under weigh. As I went on deck, she was lying with her canvas spread to court the salutation of the rising breeze. Day had just dawned, and the grey mists of morning hung like a veil of enchantment over the city of New-York, revealing faintly its edifices, its spires, and the dense forest of spars that lined the shores. Soon our sails began to flutter and chafe with the rigging, till by degrees we reached the open sea, and the perilous scene of our labors opened before us.

"And now," thought I, "I am in the world alone, upon 'the wide, wide sea.'"

"We have every prospect of a favorable passage," said a voice near me; and for the first time since I embarked, I recollected that I was not the only passenger on board. The speaker was a venerable gentleman of some three-score years, with silver locks and a countenance expressive of amiable feelings, though careworn and melancholy. On his arm leaned a small and extremely graceful female, to whom his remark had been addressed, and both were gazing in the direction where the waters were still flashing with the living splendors of the sunset.

"Beautiful!" at length exclaimed the lady, without seeming to heed what the other had said. "How lovely is this scene, my dear father! And see what a beautiful cloud! Does it not remind you of Magawisca's 'isles of the sweet south west?'"

Who has not felt the magic of a voice? I had not seen the speaker, and yet her tones came over me like a pleasant music. They were deeper than the ordinary tones of woman, and at this moment tremulous with enthusiasm.

"You are the child of imagination, my dear Mary," said her father, affectionately, passing his arm round her waist; "would to Heaven you were less so!"

"But," said she, in a mournful tone, "I do not always indulge in gay fancies."

"True, my dear; your feelings change their hues as often and as suddenly as the clouds of heaven."

The father, in alluding to her constitutional weakness, had probably awakened distressing recollections, for she hung upon her head and withdrew from his arm; and when I approached to get a

view of her face, her eyes were filled with tears. She turned away quickly on seeing a stranger. But that view was enough. I have spoken of the magic of a voice, but what is it to the human face!"

"You seem interested with the singular deportment of my daughter," observed the old gentleman as she retired. I started, I believe, in some confusion.

"She has just risen from a bed of sickness," he continued, with a melancholy accent, "and I am fearful will never be herself again."

"If I were to judge of her malady from her appearance," said I, "I should say that the mind has had more to do than bodily infirmities with the ruin which has been wrought in that lovely countenance."

"You are right, sir," replied he, with a sigh; "her illness was occasioned by mental anguish, the cause of which is buried deep in both our hearts. Suffice it to say, that the victim of intemperance seldom falls alone; and that, when a youth of high promise immolates himself on the altar of the disgusting fiend, tears and broken hearts attend the sacrifice."

The old man spoke with mournful energy, and I pitied him. "Is there no hope of the reformation of such an one?" I inquired.

"In this case none. It is more than six months since William Ashton fled from society, and went to sea as a common mariner. The presence, the devoted affection, the tears of my child, could not reclaim him—what then can?"

"What, indeed!" repeated I. "And this voyage is undertaken for the recovery of her health? You will excuse my inquisitiveness," I immediately added; "I have lived long enough in your country to acquire her characteristic mode of questioning."

"I hold it every man's duty, as well as interest," said he, "whose lot it is to travel on the great deep, far from his home and kindred, to relate so much of his own history as shall entitle him to the sympathy and confidence of the companions of his voyage. I am a Scotchman, and my name is Douglas."

"My name," said I, "is Brae, and I am a freshman in ——— College; you have my whole history."

The shadows of night had settled over the solitary waste before we parted for the night. Many leagues of sea had been ploughed in that short period, as the ship, yielding to the impulse of the powerful breeze, dashed on her way over the billows. Three days of this propitious wind brought us off the Hatteras, and though at the distance of three hundred miles from land, we received the usual greeting of the Cape, and were obliged to do homage to its strong spirit under bare poles, for several hours.

It will be supposed by those of my readers who will have the charity to consider me a man of taste, that during these three days I had not avoided the society of Mary Douglas and her father. If I may so speak, without being misunderstood, or express-

ing my meaning too strongly, I had become quite a favorite. I found her mind all that her countenance had promised. Her sufferings had been cruel; sufficiently severe, indeed, to cause a temporary alienation of her reason, but its only remaining trace was an occasional wildness of the eye, and an imagination highly and something painfully susceptible of excitement. In her moments of animation it was delightful to stand by her side, leaning on the taffrel and behold the world of romance, her playful fancy would call up above and around us.

Her father was happy to see her possess even the shadow of enjoyment. "You will not have many days to revel in these watery realms of fairy-land," said he, "if we go on at this rate."

The propitious and powerful breeze that had brought us out of port, and which had, temporarily been put to the route by a counter and more violent gust from the Hatteras, had now revived, and came sweeping from the North-east in a steady gale. Swift flew the Sea-bird on her snowy wing, dashing recklessly through the exulting elements.

Our voyage continued prosperous till we approached Cuba, when our vessel was interrupted by a most distressing calm. It was already the fourth afternoon of the calm, and impatience was visible in every face. But my feelings agreed with the weather. There reigned as complete a tranquillity in my bosom as in the elements. Mary Douglas was there; it was enough; I feared no pirates, though others spoke of them with alarm. With this young lady I indeed found myself strangely fascinated. I pitied her, and would have done much to render her happy. In the situation in which I was now placed, I endeavored to soothe her broken spirits.

The beautiful twilight of the tropics was settling over the quiet bosom of the deep, when a speck was seen on the horizon, which created considerable uneasiness in the mind of the captain. The dark object proved to be a powerful piratical vessel; and already ere the sun altogether sunk beneath the waters, we saw, by the aid of a glass, a boat put off most likely with the intention of attacking us. The luminary of day, after glittering for a moment in a thousand gorgeous colors, settled behind the heaving breast of the ocean, leaving only a dark mass like a church with its spire, in bold relief against the sky. It no sooner caught our captain's eye than he shouted, with as much rapture as a seamen ever allows himself to express. "The Blue Mountain Peak of Jamaica!"

The cry was echoed with enthusiasm by a dozen joyful voices. We were still one hundred miles from the island, and were not gaining an inch on our way towards it: still every eye was turned to it with affection as to a long-sought home, and an emotion awoke even in my breast distinct from those which of late had usurped its entire possession. The whole view to the westward was beauty, unbroken by a single blemish, and nothing of alarm was there save the dark spot on the sea, to which so suspicious a character had been attached by our captain, but which had already disappeared in the increasing darkness of the hour. But the east, as if envious of the tranquillity that reigned in the opposite quarter, wore a savage scowl. Enormous piles of vapor, black as the smoke from a volcano's

crater, shrouded the heights of St. Domingo, and blotted out the very shores from our view. It looked, indeed, as if the island had sunk, and another of subterranean formation had risen from the depths of the sea to fill its place.

"I would give a month's wages," said the captain, with an air of deep thought, "if we could have that squall upon us within an hour."

I stared at him with a feeling between contempt and astonishment. "You doubtless do honor to a seamen's taste," said I, drily; "for my part, I dislike my fellow-creatures so little, that I would rather see a piratical privateer within gunshot than encounter the contents of yonder mass of solid darkness."

"It may be proved, before you leave the ship, Mr. Brae," replied he with great coolness, "that I fear the face of man as little as another." Then turning to the whole ship's company, with very considerable dignity, "Gentlemen and shipmates," said he, "I have reason to apprehend that danger is at hand. The boat that is putting off to us is doubtless a pirate. Of armed men she is certainly full; for I have lived too long on the sea not to know the glitter of arms in the sun. It is more than probable that she has comrades; for would one open boat venture to attack a vessel of our size? Something has been hinted about fear, and to say the truth, I had rather run than meet these gentry. But that is out of the question, and fight we must as long as there is a man to stand at one of those brass guns or to pull a trigger."

Three cheers were the echo to this chivalric speech, and not a moment was lost in preparing to give the pirate a warm reception. A formidable show of miscellaneous articles of warfare was drawn from the secret places of the ship, and there were finally mustered on deck fifteen men, twenty stand of arms, and two brass cannon. These last, after being wheeled to the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and charged nearly to the muzzle, were thrust through port holes towards the quarter, from whence our foes were expected. Our small arms were loaded with three balls each, and every man girded with a cutlass, and a brace of pistols.

After all this bustle of preparation, every man posted himself in a situation to command a view of the whole prospect to the westward. Yet hour after hour rolled on, and the scenes continued the same. "Well, captain," said I, "what has become of our friends from Cuba?" "Gone to Davy's locker, I hope," replied he; "but there is no knowing how to calculate for the rascals, so we had better keep a sharp look-out yet."

"For my part," said I, "I am tired with looking at nothing, and will just see how the squall comes on." I turned accordingly, and a flashing on the water, rising and disappearing in quick and regular succession, met my eye.

"There they are!" exclaimed the captain, whose eye had taken the direction of mine; "the rascals have rowed clear round us, and are coming on from the San Domingo side. Stand to your arms, boys! the rogues are upon us!" In an instant every man was at his post, and on the alert.

"Stand in the shadow of the spars and rigging to be out of sight," continued the captain, "and not a man of you fire, till I give the word."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the crew, with nautical precision. "And now," said the captain, who really went to work in a business style, "let us get this gun on the other tack, Mr. Brae, to be ready for the gentlemen."

The piece was accordingly soon seen to thrust its deadly muzzle through the opposite port, keeping a dead aim on the boat, which, like an alligator, cautiously dropped towards us, at less than a quarter of a mile's distance.

"Boat ahoy!" cried the voice of Captain Boltrop in its most startling tones. No answer was returned to this summons, and the oars were plied more lively. "Keep off, you rascals!" shouted our commander; off! or I'll blow you out of the water!"

This threat, and the firebrand which I flourished with great fierceness, seemed to make the pirate hesitate. The motion of the boat was arrested. Captain Boltrop thought the victory already achieved, and he again raised his voice in tones of authority: "Throw your arms overboard, and come alongside."

A volley of musketry was the reply to this summons, and a dozen balls whistled by, and the captain's hat flew across the deck; but the next instant a stream of flame issued from the quarter-deck, and the explosion of the piece broke upon the dead stillness of the elements with a noise like thunder. A distant crash, a heavy splashing in the water, above which a cry of mortal agony was terribly distinct, had arisen in the direction of the foe before the smoke dispersed sufficiently to enable us to see the effect of our shot. No boat was then to be seen, nor any trace of her crew; we had probably sent every soul into eternity.

Captain Boltrop now exclaimed, with something like compunction in his tone, and rubbing his head with his handkerchief, "I would rather have taken the rascals, and had them decently hanged, than send them to the bottom in this off-hand manner. There could'nt have been a better shot."

A horrid yell, rising apparently from the depths beneath the ship, stopped him in the middle of his speech. A boat glided out of the smoke, and shooting under our bows, a dozen dark forms were seen sprinkling from it to the side of the ship. But our precautions had been wisely taken, and were completely successful. No sooner did they touch the slippery vessel, than most of them, with the most horrid blasphemies, fell back into the sea, snapping their pistols at us even after they were filled with water. At the same moment their boat, which had been completely riddled by our shot, filled, and sunk to the bottom. Three only got upon deck, and were immediately overpowered and secured. Five more were with difficulty dragged out of the water, and disposed of in the same manner. One powerful fellow, however, was not so easily quelled. He had succeeded in getting one foot upon deck, when a young seaman, named Ralph, flew at him with the fierceness of a tiger. They grappled, and after balancing a moment on the side of the deck, the pirate, who was much the heavier man, fell backwards overboard, dragging his antagonist with him. They both sunk, but soon rose again about four rods from the ship, clinging closely together. Then commenced a combat the most sin-

gular and appalling I had ever witnessed. No one on board seemed to think of devising means of assisting our champion. No one dared to fire upon the pirate; for so closely were they coiled together, so rapid were their evolutions, and so dim the light shed by the moon, that it was impossible to hit one without endangering the life of the other.

After an effort of unusual fierceness, both of the combatants sunk. They remained out of sight so long, that the men who were letting down the boat, with the view of rescuing their shipmate, suspended their operations, and we all stood breathless with uncertainty and anxiety awaiting their reappearance. At length, about thirty yards off, the waters parted; but only one man was seen to rise.

"Is it you, Ralph?" cried the captain in a suppressed voice. "Here is *some* of him at least on my knife-blade," responded the freebooter, with the accent and laugh of a fiend; and, springing nearly to his whole height out of water, he threw the weapon with great force towards us. It passed over our heads, and, striking the mizen-mast, remained quivering with its point buried in the wood. Another hollow laugh rang over the waters, and on looking round, wide circles of ripples were seen moving on the face of the moonlit sea, as if some heavy body had just sunk into it.

The noise of the conflict had called up the terrified inmates of the cabin, and all the ship's company were now assembled on deck, silent, but too deeply affected with the scene just passed to sleep more that night. Mary was there; her cheeks flushed with the excitement which the events of the night had occasioned. Still occasionally a cold shudder would rush through her frame, as she murmured, in a suppressed voice, "That fearful cry! I shall never forget it."

She was in a state of high nervous agitation. Her eye shone with uncommon lustre, and glanced over the sea unsteadily. "The elements are to have their turn next," said she. Her eye was bent upon the scowling east. The same motionless body of clouds was there, black as before. The tempest soon after broke out in all its dreadful fury, but was of short duration. The hurricanes of these seas are as short-lived as they are violent. The dawn of day showed no trace of the tempest but the tattered rigging and well-washed deck of our vessel. The island of Jamaica lay now before us; and all was green, save where occasionally a rising eminence or an opening vale presented its painted sugar works and breeze-mills. To form a background to this picturesque region, rose the magnificent range of the Blue Mountains. "If there be an Eden on earth," said I, "we have it before us." "The sun shines not," observed Mr. Douglas, "on an island more beautiful than Jamaica; and but for man, who has exercised upon it his worst passions, it might justly be termed a terrestrial paradise."

We passed the remains of Port Royal, and sailed up the beautiful bay of Kington; coming to an anchor about half a mile from the shore. Numerous boats were boarding us, and departing on different errands. A hundred ships were discharging or receiving their cargoes, to the cheerful song of the sailors. She passengers soon collected in a group on the quarter-deck, gazing on the thousand novelties that met the eye from the island, town and bay,

Mary was there, in excellent spirits; every moment discovering and pointing out, with the most animated gestures and exclamations, some new object of admiration. At this moment a barge from the castle shot across the bay, containing an officer and a platoon of soldiers, with an order for the delivery of our prisoners into the hands of justice. Accordingly, amidst a profound silence, they were marched one by one from the hold, where they had been immured for fifteen hours, and passed over the side of the ship into the boat. There they were handcuffed and bound. Two other barges were in attendance, with an equal number of men to act as guards. The sight of these wretches painfully affected Miss Douglas, and carried back her thoughts to the bloody scene of the preceding night. She shuddered at the recollection, and murmured, "He that uttered that dreadful cry is not here."

Although she had spoken in a low voice, her words fell upon the ear of the last prisoner, who was just in the act of leaving the ship. He was a youth of about two and twenty, with a slender but very elegant figure. His countenance might have been striking and expressive; but it was now disfigured with a scar, and bore the infallible marks of long and habitual indulgence in intemperance. I said he heard the voice of Mary. He stopped, and stood as if he was nailed to the deck. He put his hand to his forehead like one bewildered, and his eye wandered over the ship as if searching for the sound he had heard, till at length it fell upon Mary, and he stood gazing upon her with a countenance varying strangely from the vacant stare of idiocy to an expression of inexplicable meaning, and even agony. She was absorbed in her own reflections, and heeded him not. I made an exclamation of surprise, and directed her attention to the miserable man who was so closely observing her. She looked, her eye met the ghastly stare of his; and if a bolt from heaven had struck her, she could not have fallen more quickly.

"William Ashton!" cried the wretched father, "are you not yet satisfied? Will you take her life too?"

The miserable man rushed past his guards, threw back the curls from her forehead, and gasping for breath, like one in the agonies of strangulation, gazed upon her. Then, springing to the vessel's side before any arm could interpose, he buried himself into the sea, and never rose more.

It was many minutes before Miss Douglas showed any signs of life. At last, after a strong convulsion, she opened her eyes. "Where is he?" said she, starting up in the birth. She stared wildly around, and then pointing with her finger, a single shriek, as if sent from her very soul, burst from her, and again she sunk down insensible. The shock had been too much for reason, if not for nature. For the remainder of that day, and all the succeeding night, we hung over her, uncertain whether each fit might not be her last of mortal suffering. At length she sunk into a deep sleep and reposed quietly. She awoke perfectly calm. Looking her father steadily in the face, "Where is he?" she repeated.

"My child! be calm," said the old man, and taking her hand, he related in the gentlest manner the fate of her unworthy lover. With wonderful

composure she listened to the narration. The fountain of her tears broke up, and she wept long and freely. Then, closing her eyes, her lips were seen to move as in prayer. I bowed my face upon her hand, and joined in her silent supplication, whatever it might be.

Her tears and mental devotion relieved her. Again she slept and awoke in quiet spirits. It was evident that the news of Ashton's suicide was to her far less terrible than the idea of his suffering an ignominious death as a malefactor. Perhaps also there was a relief even in the thought that he was removed from a life of crime; and she could with less sorrow, think of him dead, than as a pirate and a companion of thieves and murderers. Perhaps she had long since torn him from her heart, as she once told me. But could it be? Would the sight of him then have affected her so strongly?

Mary now signified to her father that she felt able to travel. The hour had come when we were to separate. And now came my trial. I wished to speak to her of myself; but every principle of manhood repressed the selfish thought in her present situation. She seemed to comprehend my feelings and extending her hand to me with a smile, said, "Farewell, Mr. Brae; I have crossed your path, like a dark vision, but oh! forget me. Let it be as a dream since we first met." She hesitated a moment. "I may have caused you unhappiness. Most gladly would I have avoided it, and gladly would I remove it now, were it possible. But look upon my face, and be convinced, that were even it as you wish, you would soon have to mourn again. May God bless you!"

The boat that was to convey her to the shore was ready. I watched it till it disappeared. "Are you ready to land, sir?" Awakening as from a trance, I gave the speaker a bewildered stare, and for the first time during many days, I recollected the object of my voyage. With a feeling of solitude, which even the thoughts of my home could not subdue, I followed my baggage into the waiting wherry, and in a few minutes placed my foot upon my native land.

Twelve months after the events contained in the preceding narrative had transpired, I stood again upon American soil. Various had been my fortunes in the interim, but they are of no consequence to the reader. The companions of my voyage, with but one exception, were nearly forgotten; its incidents that were not associated with that one individual remembered but faintly.

I was sitting in my study, discussing a subtle point in ethics, when some one knocked. A servant entered and handed me the following note:—"An old acquaintance requests the pleasure of Mr. Brae's company for a few minutes at the hotel." I rose instantly, adjusted my dress, and followed the messenger. Mr. Douglas opened the door, and Mary, blooming and beautiful beyond even my gayest dream, stood beside him.

There was no romance in what followed to any but the parties concerned, and it were needless to dwell upon the story. In a single sentence therefore, I will say that Mr. Douglas had travelled with his daughter until her health was re-established, that he was at the time of which I speak on the way to his residence near New York and that the Mary Douglas of my dreams is now the Mary Brae of my bosom.

MARY LOVELL.

BY J. MILTON SAUNDERS.

"It was in the leafy month of June," said the stranger, as we sat together in the little country inn, waiting until the stage-coach, in which we had been overturned, should be repaired, "on one of those calm, crystal evenings only seen in southern climates, that I first saw Mary Lovell, the youthful, bewitching Mary! I was introduced to her at a ball where music floated around, where the perfume of flowers filled the air, and where voices, sweeter than the note of the nightingale, filled the soul with ecstasy. And the most melodious of all voices was that of Mary. Oh! I loved her from the first moment I beheld her.

"That night will live in my memory forever. Our hearts soon grew closer, and ere long she was leaning on my arm, listening to my burning words, for a strange eloquence had seized me. The merry laugh from the garden reached our ears, and thither we went. It was a glorious night. The landscape was bathed in the liquid light of the silver moon, not a shadow of floating cloud or mist for a moment dimmed the splendor, but like a bright creation from the pencil of Claude, the garden lay before us. A river flowed below us, and catching the reflections from the trees its waves flung them again into our eyes. The air was mild and redolent of perfume. With a gentleness which scarcely lifted the sunny curls from Mary's neck, it fanned our temples, and wafted the breath of myriads of flowers into our faces. Think you not that I was then happy? I have heard the glowing words of the Oriental Improvisatore, I have dwelt enraptured upon their brilliant imaginings, and dreamed with them of heavens and houris, till my leaping heart almost burst with ecstasy, but still I experienced not the beatitude with which I listened to the low, soft voice of Mary Lovell. The mother's heart swells with delight as she first catches the prattle of her worshipped infant; the devotee's bosom glows as his excited imagination pictures to him the consummation of his long cherished and loftiest aspirations—but what are they to the bliss of love?

"Long and secretly I loved, but with a natural diffidence I barred my passion within my breast till it could no longer be contained. At last it burst its confinement, and I revealed it. Again it was on a festive occasion—in that very garden where I had first learned to love. And it was reciprocated. My wildest dreams were now realized. The hand of Mary Lovell was clasped in mine; her large, deep blue eyes were beaming love on me with a language before whose power and

eloquence words fall powerless and unmeaning. I poured out my heart's burning contents into her ears—the deep founts of her heart answered in her cheeks—with every word that heart beat a response, and the pressure of her hand confirmed it. This was a rapturous moment—she had just unburdened the passion which she had long cherished for me—her lips had just uttered the words which sealed my happiness, when a figure started up and interrupted us. A moment satisfied me it was Howard St. John.

"This man had long loved Mary Lovell, but his passion was not reciprocated. The gentle spirit of Mary shrank from his stern, but impetuous nature. Rich and little used to being thwarted in his desires, he had become wayward and incapable of governing himself in the least. Every person had submitted to his behests, till he imagined that for him to speak was to be obeyed. He was a creature of the most impetuous and ungovernable passion, impulsive and quick in his determinations, and dreaded by all who knew him.

"It was this man who now so suddenly placed himself before the object of my adoration. The fire of his dark eye flashed on her, the curl of his lip grew deeper, and the scorn with which he gazed at her became black and withering in its expression.

"*'Mary Lovell,'* spoke he, as he folded his arms. *'Why are you not as is generally your wont among the dancers? Here is no place for one so lovely as you—permit me to lead you where men of rank and wealth may gaze upon you and be enraptured.'*

"*'Howard St. John, this gentleman will lead me where you desire,'* spoke Mary Lovell, recoiling from him like the sensitive plant when touched by some rude hand.

"*'And pray, sir, who are you?'* cried St. John, quickly turning upon his heel, and looking keenly in my face. The blood mounted into my temples—with a scorn equalling his own, I scrutinized the dark features of the intruder, and threw back again his eagle gaze. There was a calmness in my answer which astonished me, knowing, as I did, the impetuosity of my temper when aroused.

"*'Sir, I am a gentleman.'* A derisive laugh escaped the stranger, the scarlet blood could be seen even through his dark skin, and the expression of his eye became of that unearthly and furious nature which characterizes a maddened animal. But for a moment he disregarded me.

"*'Mary Lovell,'* spoke he, *'I have loved you long and ardently. When the world has been hushed in repose, have I stood for hours in the bower where you are wont to sit, and pictured to my mind the lineaments of your face. Mary Lovell! I love you with a deep, a consuming*

devotion—aye, I worship you above everything on earth, even more than my God—can you not return a degree of my love? Cannot you bid me hope? bid me but despair not, and I am content. Speak—no equivocation, no subterfuge, but answer plainly—can you love me?”

“The roseate fled from Mary’s cheeks, in a moment they were bleached of Parian whiteness, and she trembled as she answered,

“‘Howard St. John I love another.’”

“St. John slowly raised his hand and pressed it against his forehead—he closed his eyes, and staggered against a tree—his breast heaved with the wildest throes, and his face lost its color. It was but a moment—like the wild tiger when she beholds her offspring about to be torn from her, St. John sprang from his leaning posture. His ashy lips were firmly compressed against his closed teeth—his eyes were wild, and their expression furious. The next instant he leapt upon me, almost before I suspected his purpose, with a drawn poignard in his hand. The first intimation I had of his intention was betrayed by the gleaming of the steel in the moonlight.

“‘Ha!’ he hissed, ‘have I been supplanted by you? Then here I revenge myself.’”

“As he spoke the dagger descended on the air, but at this crisis, when death seemed irresistible, for he had wound his other arm tightly around me, and for the time I was defenceless, a hand caught his and arrested the blow.

“Quick as lightning St. John, now transported by passion into a fiend, sprang on Mary who had thus interposed, and, though I darted to her side with equal speed, I was too late. I saw the blade poised an instant in the air just out of arms reach, I beheld it descend, and then the warm blood gushed from Mary’s bosom before my eyes—”

“Oh! God,” I screamed, interrupting the narrator, while the wine-glass crushed beneath the intense pressure of my hand, “and he murdered her.”

“No,” said the narrator, “for at that instant I awoke; and I need not tell you how overjoyed I was to find that I was lying in my bed, whither I had retired half mad with joy, for that evening Mary had accepted me. Many an anxious hour had St. John given me before I could summon courage to address her; and so my vision was, after all, not so unnatural. Mary and I were soon happily married, and if you will visit me at —, I will prove to you that even now, twenty years after that memorable evening, she is still beautiful.”

At this instant the door of the inn opened, and the stage-driver appearing, told us that the coach had been mended and not a moment was to be lost.

MARY, A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MISS JOHNSON.

WHEN in London, a few years ago, I met, at the house of a worthy friend, a widow lady, for whom, from the painful vicissitudes of her fortune, I felt a deep sympathy. Mrs. Deancroft, the wife of my friend, gave me a brief sketch of this unfortunate young woman's life. She was the daughter of a poor but respectable school master in a small town in the north of England, who took the utmost pains she being an only child, to cultivate and improve her mind. But the kind of reading he recommended to Mary—this was her name—was not exactly suited to her taste. Works of fancy were her chief delight. She read with avidity most of the novels and romances which were in vogue at the time. The characters and descriptions, the love stories, and ideal adventures she met with in these, made a powerful impression on a heart, naturally warm and ardent, and produced a certain enthusiasm, which, while it elevated, often misled her imagination. Occasionally, however, she varied the intellectual treat by reading the poets, the most beautiful passages from whom she carefully treasured up in her memory, and could repeat with surprising facility. In short, at seventeen Mary was considered a girl of extraordinary mental attainments; even at that early age, some poetical trifles of her writing evinced a taste and feeling which would have done honor to riper years. Nothing delighted her more than to wander, during the sweet and tranquil evenings of summer, with some favorite author in her hand, amidst the thickest shades of an adjoining forest, or along the margin of the mountain-embosomed lakes in the neighborhood, where she might contemplate Nature in all her beauty, freshness, and magnificence.

When she had reached her eighteenth year, she became acquainted with a young man, the son of a gentleman of small landed property, in a neighboring county, who was of a character and disposition quite congenial to her own. He had read much; but his favorite study was the drama, and Shakespeare his beloved author. This young man had been placed by his father in the office of an attorney, which situation was not at all suited to his taste. Disgusted with the dry, tedious, monotonous duties he had there to perform, he one day took an unceremonious leave of his master, and joined an itinerant company of Thespians in a neighboring town, whose performances he had witnessed. In this situation he promised himself the pleasure of enacting some favorite characters, besides having a chance of finding in it that novelty of adventure for which he thirsted. Our dramatists stopped in their route, at the birth-place of Mary, to perform for a few nights; during which time, the young *debutant* got acquainted with her. The first conversation they had, produced powerful impressions on both sides—in short, they soon discovered that they could not be happy asunder. The father of Mary observed the intimacy, and admonished his

daughter: but it was in vain—the die was cast; and as both the lady and gentleman were delighted with the romantic, they, by way of a first adventure, one morning took a post-chaise and drove off for Gretna-Green, where they were united by the worthy personage who so accommodatingly awaits the commands of fugitive lovers. The infatuated Mary had not been many miles from her father's dwelling ere she began deeply to regret the step she had taken, for she was far from being an undutiful child and her heart smote her when she thought of the pain this act of disobedience would give so kind and indulgent a parent. She even entreated her lover to convey her back to her home, as he valued her happiness; and it was with some difficulty he succeeded in overcoming her scruples, by soothing her with the assurance of parental forgiveness. He was not mistaken. The good school master received his imprudent but affectionate daughter with the smile of kindness and forgiveness. He was grieved but not obdurate—he could not find it in his heart to turn away from a beloved and only child—what was done could not now be undone. Not so did her haughty father-in-law—a Welshman by birth, and proud of his pedigree—act; he wrote a furious letter to his son, full of reproach, and announcing his determination thenceforth to regard him as one who had forfeited every title to his countenance and protection. The kind-hearted father of his beloved Mary, on being informed of this harsh sentence, advised his son-in-law to apply himself without delay to some substantial profession which might be a source of future support to him and his wife. But his admonitions made but little impression on Mr. Lumley (such was the name of this young gentleman.) Filled with high hopes of what his genius was capable, and the gifts of fortune it would procure him, he would not hear of any pursuit in which it would be cramped and without scope. The anxious father then proposed, as a necessary measure of prudence, that he should leave his wife under the parental roof until he had got into some way that would enable him to provide for their support. But the ardent and sanguine youth, fixing his eyes tenderly on his wife, exclaimed,

“ Shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us.”

A silent and pensive look showed the conflicting state of Mary's mind; but love and hope prevailed. It was finally resolved, that, with the assistance of what money the father could spare, and a letter of introduction to a cousin of his, settled in London, the youthful couple should depart for that great mart of genius and talent, where the husband had no doubt of being engaged at one of the theatres, and where the romantic Mary would have scope and encouragement for the exercise of her literary

talents. She had already written some little tales and poetical trifles, which she hoped would at least establish her fame.

At length the youthful pair took their departure. Mary's heart sunk within her, when she tore herself from the parting embrace of her kind and affectionate father, and fixed her eyes, perhaps for the last time, on that dwelling and those scenes where she had passed her earliest years in innocence and serenity. Those only who have experienced such a parting can form an idea of her feelings on this occasion.

Soon after their arrival in London, Mr. Lumley waited, self-introduced, on one of the managers of a certain theatre, and was received with a cold repulsive look not at all encouraging to so sanguine a spirit—mixed, on his reciting some passages from his favorite bard, with certain significant hems and hahs, and sarcastic grins. The interview ended by his being informed that his provincial accent and incorrect delivery would not be endured by a London audience; but that, after a few years' drilling in a provincial theatre, there might be some hopes of his succeeding in minor parts. For the first time were the brightly pictured hopes of this aspiring youth damped, and the sensation he felt may well be conceived. He soon, however, rallied his spirits, and resolved on taking the advice of his unsympathising monitor. His faithful Mary agreed to accompany him, and even to prepare herself for the boards. They were not sensible to the miseries of such a life—they thought only of the novelties and adventures with which it might be attended.

We shall not recount all the vicissitudes which this romantic couple experienced in their peregrinations—sometimes with pockets tolerably filled—at others, without a shilling to buy a dinner—one time flattered with applause, at another hissed and pelted, as the taste, humor, or caprice of their auditors led them. Often cheated, abused, envied, and opposed by their brethren, and not unfrequently exposed to brutal insults by unfeeling wretches calling themselves gentlemen. The amiable Mary, in particular, was often shocked by indecent familiarities and licentious proposals, which she treated with the indignant scorn they deserved. This was not a life suited to the taste and feelings of either, keenly sensible as they were, to any thing like unkindness or indignity; though Mary remarked that many distinguished females whom she had read of had been exposed to still more cruel sufferings. Sick, however, at length of these endurances, they returned to the metropolis.

By the kind interposition of a gentleman of one of the theatres, Mr. Lumley was now employed as a performer. But here he soon found abundant matter to wound his pride and mortify his feelings. Instead of that eminence he had fondly anticipated, he found himself thrown into the shade, neglected and despised. No plaudits, no cheers, no waving of hats and handkerchiefs, or other demonstrations of pleasure, hailed his *entree*, nor was he encouraged by one solitary *encore*. All the first and second rate characters were engaged by performers older than himself, and he was compelled either to fill inferior and insignificant parts, or give up his engagement. Indignantly he chose the latter.

And now, instead of treading the boards of a

theatre, he took up his pen, to write for it—a nobler employment, he thought, and one in which his genius would not be so basely shackled and cruelly kept down. In six months he finished a tragedy, which many of his literary acquaintance lauded to the skies for its eloquent and glowing language, splendid imagery, and lofty sentiment. Flattered, delighted, proud of this his first essay, he hastened with it to one of the managers, who, after keeping him in suspense for several months, returned it, with an intimation *that it would not suit the stage*. He attributed this rejection to prejudice and want of taste, and offered it to one of the other theatres, but with no better success. Disappointed and enraged, he tendered it to a bookseller, who, after some hesitation, offered him five guineas, for the copyright, which, with silent bitterness of heart, he accepted.

But he did not despair. He produced another tragedy, which he put into the hands of a gentleman eminent alike for his literary attainments and generous philanthropy. By him, with the consent of the author, this piece was pruned of many redundancies, altered and new-modelled in such a manner as to fit it for representation. He did more—he sent it, with the first of his approbation, to one of the theatres. Thus ushered into notice, it was at length put into rehearsal, and finally announced in the playbills. This was a crisis the most momentous in the life of our hero; it was to decide the fate of his genius—his hopes—to give a color to all his future prospects. He attended unprovided with friends, either to prompt, oppose, or repress clamor, and with a breathless expectation beheld the opening scene of his piece go off with tolerable *ecclat*! This was encouraging. The three first acts passed off in much the same manner, only now and then there was heard an ominous hiss, mixed, however, with occasional applause. But soon after the opening of the fourth act, a clamor broke forth more appalling to the heart of the youthful bard than the wildest tempest on the *waste of waters* to the untried voyager! Many—amongst the rest Lumley's king literary friend—cried out, "Shame! shame! the piece has not a fair chance." From the opening to the close of the last act, all was uproar and confusion. Attempts were made to bring the house to reason, but in vain. At length it was announced that the piece should be withdrawn. The state of mind in which the unfortunate poet returned to his home can better be conceived than described—it bordered on distraction. But by degrees he suffered himself to be soothed by the sweet sympathy and tender caresses of his amiable Mary.

His tragedy, though by no means faultless, was not treated with that candor and fairness to which it had at least a claim. There was a schism among the performers on account of its being brought forward. Some opposed it *in toto*: others disliked certain of the characters, and were averse to fill them, but, yielding to the authority of the manager, did so with such apathy, that they looked more like walking automatons, than actors desirous of giving force and effect to the poet's meaning. The auditors were disgusted, and vented that displeasure on the piece, a portion of which ought at least to have fallen on certain of the performers.

Mr. Lumley now renounced all thoughts of writ-

ing for the stage, and even his favorite Shakspeare was thrown aside as no longer attractive. He now set about writing tales, essays, and miscellanies, for the magazines—in which he was greatly assisted by his affectionate partner—and now and then undertook a pamphlet, or a translation. These resources scantily provided for the day which was passing over their heads, but afforded no provision for the future—and he was now the father of two children. His wife, too, devoted all her leisure hours to writing. She had already produced a novel, which, however, brought her but a trifle; nor was she much more successful with her poetical effusions, though some of them were simple, pathetic, and touching.

All, in short, which their literary exertions could raise, was utterly insufficient to enable them to live with ordinary comfort. Mary suffered in silence. Her chief care was to solace and comfort her husband, who, with all the sensibility of a generous spirit, wanted the firmness of an enduring mind. All his sanguine hopes were blighted almost in the bud. He had written repeatedly to his father, in a penitent and supplicating style, but all he obtained was a scanty supply of money, totally inadequate to his wants. To add to his distress, he had unhappily contracted debts which he was utterly unable to discharge. The good school master had occasionally assisted them out of his humble savings. But, alas! the time soon came when poor Mrs. Lumley was to be deprived of that kind and good father! She received the afflicting tidings of his death at a moment when her heart had need of support, and was little able to bear so heavy a calamity. The violence of her grief, on this distressing occasion, had nearly proved fatal to her.

But a calamity of a still more overwhelming nature awaited the unfortunate Mary. Her husband, whose mind had for some time past been agitated by various conflicting passions, fell into a settled melancholy, which terminated in the deprivation of his reason! Soon after the fatal symptoms appeared, he wandered from his home, and was seen no more by his unhappy wife! His body was found in a sequestered spot near Richmond, and a pistol lying by his side. He had put a period to his life in a moment of insanity; for, had reason existed, the thought of a beloved wife, if no other consideration had prevailed, would doubtless have arrested his hand.

It would be in vain to attempt to describe the dreadful suspense which the wretched wife suffered on missing her husband, or the despair into which she was thrown on learning his fate. This catastrophe her terrors had, at moments, anticipated; but then she had only fancied it—the dreadful certainty struck her, like a thunderbolt, to the earth!—it bereft her of sense, reason, recollection, and nearly, very nearly, of life. What followed, during the dangerous fever with which she was seized on this occasion, she has no distinct memory of—it may be likened to a wild, hideous, and incoherent dream. When her faculties returned, it was but to show her the utter desolation and helplessness in which she was placed. The measure of her sufferings was now full, even to overflowing; and she would have loathed life, but for a mother's anxiety for her

helpless offspring. This tie, and only this, reconciled her to existence.

The circumstances of the suicide of the unfortunate man, and the unhappy and forlorn situation of his widow and children, as detailed in the newspapers, had excited a lively interest and feeling in many, some of whom—among the rest the worthy Mr. Deancroft—sent small sums for their relief, but he did not stop here. He went to the humble abode of the unhappy sufferer, and obtained for her proper medical attendance, and a careful nurse. He made particular inquiries into her character, and other circumstances; and being satisfied on these points, he proposed to her, on beginning to recover, to remove to his house, informing her of his being a married man. This offer she gratefully accepted, and no kindness could have been more seasonable. Ever since she has been under this hospitable roof, it has been the unceasing endeavor of Mrs. Deancroft, who is a kind-hearted, amiable woman, to soothe and comfort this child of sorrow and suffering. She felt even the fondness of a sister for her; she found in her an amiable, interesting, and intelligent companion, and a useful assistant in her household affairs.

The too severely tried Mrs. Lumley endeavored at times to put on a look of serenity, but it could be easily seen that a settled melancholy sat at her heart; she mixed in no gaiety, and declined accompanying any one to places of public amusement. She devoted much of her time—indeed too much, considering the depressed state of her mind, to solitary musing and religious meditation. She often remarked to her friend that we are too apt to blame Providence for misfortunes which we have brought on ourselves; and declared that she traced her's to an early perversion of mind and mistaken way of thinking, produced by a too indiscriminate reading of novels. This led her to think too lightly of an act at which she now shuddered—filial disobedience to a kind and indulgent parent. She observed, that she was now convinced that the bulk of our novels are calculated rather to mislead the young and inexperienced of thy sex, than convey to them any solid and useful instruction; but allowed that there were some of a superior stamp, that might with safety and benefit be put into their hands, and which, as they are incapable of selection themselves, should be pointed out to them by their instructors.

With respect to the unfortunate Lumley, he was one of the number of those ardent, early-talented young men, who launch on the ocean of life with high-towering hopes, which are doomed to fade away and perish like the "baseless fabric of a vision." Their ardent and creative fancies conjure up splendid visions of the future, which disappear as the fond enthusiasts advances and come in contact with the realities of life. With less of the fervency and impatience of hope, and of the waywardness of passion, the genius with which nature had gifted them might have proved a blessing: as it is, it only serves to give a keener edge to misfortune, to add to the bitterness of disappointment, and, finally, hurry the devoted victims to despair or insanity. Too many have thus been martyrs to the fatal sensibility attending genius, when abandoned to the dominion of the passions.

Miseries of a Handsome Man.

MISERIES of a handsome man! Young ladies will smile and old men look incredulous at this declaration, but let not either of those classes deem me an object of envy;—far from it. Little do they imagine how I am led to reproach my beautiful mouth, to look daggers at my brilliant eyes, to devote each particular feature to the most particularly unpleasant fate that ever unhappy beauty endured. How often do I envy the peaceful state of mind which they who are called “ordinary people,” they who have every thing “in common” are destined to enjoy, they whose noses luxuriate in such an insignificance of snub as never to have excited the impertinent attacks either of admiration or of envy, whose eyes nobody knows the color of—whose height is five feet something—in short whose whole personal attributes are framed with such attention to the golden mien as never to have attracted attention. Perhaps my readers may smile at this—they will not understand the nature of my miseries—let them listen.

My infancy was my golden age; mountains of sugar plums, oceans of jellies, torrents of kisses, were the rewards I received for being born a beauty. Oh! that I could have always continued six years old! But the scene soon changed, the first hint I received that life was in future to consist of something else than comforts and kisses, was from my father, who told my mother in my presence, that the boy's pretty face was likely to make him a pretty fool. From that time my fate darkened. I was sent to school, where the boys called me Polly, and the master told me with a jeer, when his infernal cane was on my back, not to spoil my pretty face with crying. Some of the bigger ruffians would absolutely squirt ink on my face, and tell me they were beauty spots; a thousand indignities of this sort were my unfortunate lot. When I left school the prospect brightened a little; I was yet too young to be an object of fear to mamas or curiosity to daughters. My prettiness was as yet thought amusing; nay so innocent was its nature at that time, that a maiden lady, verging towards what is emphatically called a certain age, who had taken a fancy to portrait painting, actually desired me to sit to her, my face was so like the Apollo's. I never sat but once and after some time I learned that the old cat had remarked, that whatever likeness the rest of my face might bear to the Apollo, my eyes were unquestionably full of the devil! That remark clung to me for years after. I never got the better of it. For a year or two, however, I may be said to have enjoyed my existence; but “a change came o'er the spirit of my dream.”

It was discovered that I was vain—“all handsome people are vain you know—and then you see how the creature walks, one can tell that he fancies all the world admire him.” It was to no purpose changing my walk; if I walked upright, it was pride if negligently, it was affectation. I cut my chin unfortunately with a razor, and then, the criticisms that were showered on the unfortunate bit of court plaster, it was necessary to strip off the plaster twenty times a day to satisfy every aunt and cousin and female friend, that it was a real wound, and not intended as a beauty spot. Not a coat could I wear

but it was said to have employed half a dozen men in making, and as many more in altering—a report was spread abroad that a tailor was one whole night and day locked up in my room, and myself with him altering a coat in which I was to appear at a ball that evening. Then the observations—“It was ridiculous for a good-looking young man to be so puppyish; it would be excusable in an ugly one.” Any thing to please. I changed my plan and appeared a sloven,—hat unbrushed, clothes awkwardly arranged, neck-cloth vilely tied—worse and worse. The battery changed its fire, but was as murderous as ever—“cleanliness and attention to dress are the bounden duty of all young persons, no personal graces can excuse inattention to these essentials,”—that was my old aunt. “Well now really, Harry, this is too bad, *we*, you know have admired your face long enough, and are not so afraid of its powerful influence, as to desire you to disguise yourself in that horrid dress—it is really shocking,”—that was my young cousin. “Have you seen that piece of vanity, M. —, lately? He imagines because he has the handsomest face of any person we know, he is entitled to be the most vilely dressed—the brute!”—that was every body.

I grew up to man's estate, the plot against me thickened; the world seemed one great critic, who had nothing to do but to write articles upon beauty, and vanity, and *garde-a-vous* young maidens. Mothers now began to gather together their daughters behind the folds of their gigot sleeves, whenever I made my appearance. The society of the young, and none but the old and ugly were left me. Then, the scandalous reports that were circulated about my habits. One said, he or she, (I forget which) had heard that I slept with my whiskers in curl papers; another that I was three hours and twenty-five minutes tying my cravat, and that I spoiled several dozen during the operation; another that I had been heard to say that I would make love to any ten women in one day, and make them promise to marry me the next; he must be immortal, he is so handsome, and then the women do spoil those creatures so, when they are at all good-looking; for my part, I detest men;” that was Miss Juliana Scraggneck; and she certainly ought to have good reason for her detestation, for no one ever looked at me more than herself. The worst of all this was, that the pretty creatures themselves believed all that was told them—“this was the unkindest cut of all.” I could have borne all the criticisms and espionage of the antiquated Hecates, and gloried in the idea of revenging myself, by making a conquest of some blooming young creature, but this was denied me; I was the object of universal fear. Elder sisters would tell their young sisters to “keep close” to them when I entered the room, and would acquire a reputation for courage by venturing to answer to any questions. I was peeped at over fans, and viewed through door chinks. I was treated, in fact, as a monster. I verily believe to have been seen alone with me, would have ruined a girl's reputation; however, they gave me but little chance.

I grew a melancholy misanthropic; I likened myself to the wandering Jew, to the last man—life is a burthen to them, beauty to me. I lost my spirits and forsook society,—more libels. “Ah, I knew it

would come to this; I said he would repent of his sins at last; well, let him be miserable, it may be some consolation to the many whose hearts he has broken." This was said of me—of me, who never would have dreamed that women had any hearts at all, or if they had, I might have supposed them made of adamant, so little were they ever softened by words or deeds of mine. Have they any hearts? the tigresses. But it was plain that whatever plan I might choose to adopt, I should be subject to the like attacks. It was the fable of the miller and his donkey; nothing would please; but alas! the likeness reaches no farther, the miller sold his donkey, my beauty could not be sold.

My friend George Singleton married. Now, thought I, there is a retreat for me, in his domestic circle, there I may be happy; my friend will make one woman reasonable; she will admit me, perhaps even she will induce others of her sex to take pity on me. Vain hopes, foolish anticipations! The very first visit I paid them, George looked uneasy, shifted his chair, made signs to his wife (I saw it all, miserable wretch that I am, suffering has made my senses acute,) till at last his wife quitted the presence, under the plea of a violent head-ache (I never saw a woman look better in my life,) while he was so confoundedly civil, that I made my retreat as soon as possible. I saw it all, but it was too good a chance to be given up I called again—the dose was repeated, and the eternal head-ache again sent her off. I reproached him with want of confidence and he replied with the most provoking candor, "why, my dear fellow, I really am as proud of your acquaintance as ever, but you see I am married, and you are aware that you—you—" he began to stammer, but I cut him short, what was the good of listening to what I knew beforehand; he was afraid to trust me with his wife.

One trial more. I softened down all my obnoxious beauties, combed my hair straight, clipped my mustachios, muffled my face as much as possible, corrected every thing that I thought was prominent in my manners, exercised myself in all awkward attitudes; in short, defaced and vulgarised myself as much as possible, to make myself as much like ordinary humanity as lay in my power, and then tried if society would look upon me in my altered shape. The trial partially succeeded, and I was permitted to pay my addresses to a beautiful girl. But here my pen fails me—never shall I have the courage to describe—how I was obliged to hold my handkerchief before my face when her confounded relations were about (she herself was not so particular)—how I was obliged to vary my position, so as to show myself in the worst light in their presence; how it was at last discovered in spite of my attempts at concealment; how my beauty clung to me in spite of all the abominably libellous insinuations from all quarters, that a handsome man admires nothing but himself; how the difficulties were at last got over—ring bought, house furnished, when every thing was overturned by myself. I unfortunately was discovered by my beauty gazing in a looking-glass; and here I solemnly declare that I was not admiring myself, but merely endeavoring to discover the cause of a violent titillation at the extremity of my nose. I was perceived, I say, by her, and there the affair ended. "She never would

marry a man that looked at a looking-glass while she was in the room—her friends had told her it would come to that."

Think of that!—So now it is all over with me. I see that I am a marked man, and nothing that I can do will ever alter the current of my fate. I have had serious thoughts lately of disfiguring my face with a razor, or some such device, to bring myself down to the standard of ordinary perfection which these despots have established; but after all it might be of little avail—fate is against me. I have calmed myself down to something like content, and am waiting for the period when time shall have whitened my hair, pulled out my teeth, bent my body, and made me fit to be seen.

MISFORTUNE AND GENIUS.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

IN a late excursion through the western districts of Virginia, having been detained at the picturesque village of F—, I took a seat in the stage coach, intending to visit some of the neighboring springs. The usually delightful temperature and clear sky of the mountain summer, had been suddenly changed into a cold misty atmosphere; and as I stepped into the coach, the curtains of which had been let down for greater comfort, I found a solitary female passenger sitting in one corner of the carriage, and apparently absorbed in deep contemplation. She was plainly but genteely dressed, in a suit of mourning; and there was something in her whole appearance, which would have immediately struck the eye of the most careless observer. Her face, and such parts of her head as were unconcealed by her bonnet, seemed to me, at a single glance, to present a fine study for the disciples of Lavater and Spurzheim—or at least to furnish a model which a painter would have loved to transfer to his canvass. Her features were not what are usually termed beautiful; that is, there was not that exquisite symmetry in them, nor that brilliant contrast between the delicate white skin and raven hair, or between the coral lip and the lustrous dark eye, which with some constitute the perfection of female beauty; but there was something beyond and superior to all these:—there was a fine intellectual expression which could not be mistaken. I do not even recollect the color of her eyes: I only remember that those “windows of the soul” revealed a whole volume of thought and feeling—and that there was cast over her countenance an inexpressible veil of sadness, which instantly seized upon my sympathies. As the stage drove off, the crack of the coachman’s whip, and the lumbering of the wheels, seemed to rouse her from her reverie, and I remarked a deeper tinge of melancholy pass over her features. It was to her like the sound of a funeral knell! She was about to bid adieu, perhaps forever, to the scenes of her infancy—to scenes which were endeared by the remembrance of departed joys, and even consecrated by bitter inconsolable sorrows!

After the customary salutation, I determined to engage my interesting fellow-traveller in conversation; and I at once perceived by the modest blush which suffused her cheek, and by the timid responses she made to my inquiries, that she was conscious of appearing in the somewhat embarrassing situation of an unattended and unprotected female. I studied therefore to put her mind at ease by a delicate pledge of my protection as far as my journey extended. Words of kindness and respect seemed to fall upon her ear, as if she had been unused to them. Her countenance which had sunk in gloom was lighted up by a mild expression of tranquillity. I saw that I had somewhat won upon her confidence and I determined to improve the advantage, by affording her an opportunity of narrating her story—a story which I was curious to know, and which I

had already half learned in her care-worn visage, her garments of woe, and her apparently forlorn and unbefriended condition.

Such are the mysterious sympathies of our nature that whilst the sorrowing heart experiences a transient relief in pouring its griefs into another’s ear, there is a no less melancholy pleasure in listening to the tale of misfortune, and participating in the misery of its victim. My companion did not hesitate, in her own peculiar and artless manner, to relate her story. It was brief, simple and affecting.

Maria (for that was her name,) was now in her sixteenth year, and was one of several children, born not to affluence, but to comparative independence. A doating grandmother adopted her, when not two years old, with the free consent of her parents. They had other offsprings to provide for; and their residence was not so remote, but that occasional visits might preserve unbroken the ties of filial and parental love. The venerable grandmother devoted her humble means to the maintenance and education of her charge. Her aged bosom rejoiced in beholding herself, as it were, perpetuated in this blooming scion from her own stock. She spared neither pains nor expense, consistent with her limited fortune, in preparing her young descendant for a life of usefulness, piety and virtue. In truth, her dutiful grandchild was so “garnered up in her heart,” that she became the only worldly hope of her declining years. Maria was her earthly solace—the tie which bound her to life when all its charms had faded—the being who made it desirable to linger yet a little longer on the confines of the grave. But how fleeting and unsubstantial is human hope! Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed since this venerated lady had been called to realize another state of being. When Maria touched upon this part of her narrative, I could perceive the agony of her soul. I could see the tearful and uplifted eye as she exclaimed, “Yes, sir! it has pleased Providence to deprive me of my only earthly benefactress!”

I was troubled at the misery I had occasioned, and I hastened, if possible, to administer such consolation as seemed to me proper. “But you have parents,” I replied, “who will take you to their home, and gladly receive you in their arms?” Little did I think that the wound which I thus attempted to heal, would bleed afresh at my remark. The afflicted girl appeared to be deprived, for a moment of utterance. Her heart seemed to swell almost to bursting, with the strength and intensity of her feelings. “My friend,” she at length replied, in a tone of comparative calmness, “for by that name permit me to call you, even on so short an acquaintance—you have touched a theme upon which I would gladly have avoided explanation. The interest you have already shown, however, in my unhappy story entitles you to still more of my confidence. You

shall know the whole of my cruel fortune. Though my father and mother are both still living, they are no longer parents to me. My father *might have been* all which a friendless and unprotected daughter could desire; but alas! for years and years past, he has lost the "moral image" which God originally stamped upon his nature. The DEMON OF INTemperance has long—long possessed him. His feelings and affections are no longer those of an intelligent and rational creature. He scarcely knows me as his offspring; but turns from me with sullen indifference, if not disgust. My mother!"

At the mention of that hallowed name, the fair narrator seemed to be almost choked by the violence of her emotions. She stopped an instant as if to respire more freely.

"My mother," she continued, "cannot extend to me her arm. She is herself broken-hearted and friendless; she is wasting away under the chastening rod of Providence!"

"Heavens!" I inwardly exclaimed, "what havoc, what torture have I not inflicted upon this innocent bosom! Why did I officiously intermeddle in things which did not concern me—things too, which I could only know by tearing open the yet unhealed wounds of an anguished heart." I was at the point of offering some atonement for the mischief I had done. I saw the whole picture of wretchedness as it was presented to Maria's mind. I even shared, or thought that I shared, in the sorrows which overwhelmed her. My imagination conjured up before me the churlish and miserable wretch who was then wallowing in the sty of brutal sensuality—and in whose bosom all holy and natural affection had been drowned by the fatal Circean cup. I beheld his palsied and neglected partner, writhing under that immedicable sickness of the heart—not of hope deferred, but of dark, absolute despair. I turned to the object before me. I saw how those affections which clung around her beloved protectress, as the tendrils of the vine cling around the aged tree, were in one evil hour withered forever. She, an unprotected destitute orphan—worse than an orphan—thrown upon the wide, cold and unfeeling world—perhaps seeking an asylum in the house of some half welcoming and distant relative. What a throng of perplexing—might I not say, distracting reflections, at that moment rushed upon me! I endeavored to change the subject, but at first without success. I experienced some relief, however, by being assured, that the relative to whose house she was now hastening, had offered his aid and protection, in the spirit of kindness and sincerity.

The most wonderful part of my story is yet to be told. When Maria was sufficiently composed, I resolved to divert the conversation into more agreeable channels. I was struck with the delicacy and propriety of her speech—with the simple, correct, and even elegant language which she used. Another and a quite unexpected source of admiration was yet in reserve for me. I touched upon the topic of her education—upon the books she had learned—the seminaries she had attended, and the teachers by whom she was instructed. Even here methought I might be officious and imprudent. What could be expected from a girl of sixteen—from one

who had been born to humble fortune—from one who had no one at home except an unlettered grandmother, to stir up within her the noble spirit of emulation, and to fan the divine sparks of genius and knowledge. Might she not suppose that I intended to deride the ignorance of youth, and expose the deficiency of her acquirements! Not so! At the bare mention of her books and instructors, I saw for the first time, the clouds which had gathered around her brow begin to disperse. There was evidently something like a smile which played upon her features. It looked like the rainbow of peace, which denoted that the storm of passion was passing away. Oh! how eloquently did she discourse upon the beauties and delights of learning! Next to the Star of Bethlehem, which glided her sorrowing path, and which for two years had attracted her devotional spirit—knowledge was the luminary which she worshipped with more than Persian idolatry. The reader shall judge of my surprise and admiration, when he is informed, that this artless girl of sixteen—this youthful prodigy—had already amassed a richer intellectual treasure, than often falls to the lot of men of superior minds, even at the age of maturity. The great masters of Roman and classical antiquity she had read in their original tongue, the Georgics and Æneid of Virgil—the Commentaries of Cæsar—Selections from Horace—and the matchless orations of Tully, were as familiar to her as household words. She was also conversant with the French, and thoroughly grounded in her own vernacular. Besides the usual elements of mathematics, she had even encountered the forbidding subtleties of algebra; and although mistress of the pleasing study of geography, there was nothing which had so filled her mind with delight as the sublime researches of astronomy. She loved to contemplate the harmony and beauty of the planetary system—and to soar still further on the wings of thought, into that vast and illimitable firmament where each twinkling luminary is itself the centre of a similar system. She had watched too the fiery and eccentric track of the comet, "brandishing its crystal tresses in the sky;" and from all the wonderful movements and harmonious action of the heavenly bodies, she had realized the impressive sentiment of Young, that

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

From the marvellous works of creation as revealed in that most sublime of all human sciences, her soul had been transported to the Creator himself, whom she worshipped in adoring humility.

But why enumerate—why speak of her varied and almost numberless acquirements? There was scarcely a branch of learning with which she did not manifest at least some acquaintance. Even the popular and somewhat pleasing science of phrenology had not escaped her attention. In the theories and conclusions of its ardent disciples however, she was reluctant to concur. The moral and intellectual character did not, in her opinion, depend on the position of the brain or the conformation of the skull. It squinted at the hateful doctrine of materialism; at least she thought so, and until hotter satisfied, she would not believe. Though closely engaged for

years in her regular scholastic studies, this extraordinary female had found leisure to stray occasionally into the paths of polite and elegant literature. She had culled from the most illustrious of the British bards, some of their choicest and sweetest flowers; and the beautiful fictions of Scott were faithfully stored in her memory.

Deeply interested as I felt in this young and highly gifted girl, the hour of separation was at hand. The journey before her was comparatively long and tedious; mine would speedily terminate. When about to bid her adieu, I fancied that I saw regret painted in her countenance. Her solitude would bring back some of those gloomy reflections, which society and conversation had in some measure dissipated. I handed her a literary work which I had with me, to beguile the loneliness and misery of her journey. She accepted it with eagerness and gratitude. A new current of joy sprung up in her bosom. Commending her to the protection of heaven, I pressed her hand, and left my seat in the coach.

My sensations, when the vehicle swiftly departed were of a mixed character. There was a strange combination of pleasure and pain. Poor Maria, I thought, we may never again meet in this world of sorrow; but if ever a pure aspiration was breathed for thy happiness, it is that which I now offer. I know that there is something within me which borders on romance; and perhaps many will suppose that my imagination has thrown over this adventure an illusive coloring. It may be so; but even after an interval of composed reflection, I have not been able to discover any thing in the foregoing sketch which does not substantially conform to truth. I have often moralized on Maria's story, and in my blind distrust of the dealings of an all wise Providence, have wished that human blessings could be sometimes more equally distributed. I have thought of the hundreds and thousands of the gay, simple, fluttering insects, dignified with the name of fashionable belles—born and reared in the lap of luxury—reposing in moral and intellectual sloth, and quaffing the delicious but fatal poison of adulation—how inferior, how immeasurably inferior, most, if not all of them were, to this poor, neglected, deserted orphan. I have thought how hard was that decree, by which the light, trifling and glittering things of creation should be buoyed up to the surface by their own levity—whilst modest merit and suffering virtue were doomed to sink into obscurity, and perhaps into wretchedness. On the other hand, I have loved to look at the sunny smiles which Hope, in spite of us, will sprinkle over the chequered landscape of life. It is impossible! I have exclaimed, that one so young, yet so unfortunate—so highly improved by moral and mental culture—so worthy of admiration and esteem, should live and die unknown and unregretted. She surely was not

“born to blush unseen,
And waste her sweetness in the desert air”—

at least such is my hope, and such is doubtless the prayer of every generous reader.

HARRISON.

MISS FISKE'S SCHOOL.

WE have several times commended this Female Seminary to our readers as one of the best institutions for young ladies in New England. It is the oldest establishment of the kind, we believe, in the republic, having been in operation twenty-one years. Miss Fiske, the excellent lady who established it, has been enabled to sustain and carry it on, and perfect her system, and we allude to the school now for the purpose of introducing the 'Remarks,' in her last annual report, which, dictated by her experience and wisdom, we consider of great importance.

'That youth may derive all possible benefit from the privileges they enjoy at a Seminary, it is necessary that they should have a definite idea of the purpose for which they attend school, that they should be previously accustomed to habits of industry, and possess those energies both physical and intellectual, which will enable them to endure uniform application; for where the health is feeble and the mind weak, little improvement can be made in school pursuits.

'There is an intimate union between the physical and mental condition of children.—The first operative powers are their senses, through which they are to gain all their knowledge of our world—therefore it is of great importance, that these should be kept in as healthy a condition as possible,—here simple Nature should be our

guide and teach us what food, clothing, air, light, motion and repose are requisite to promote their good health. From injudicious treatment, and exciting causes, a sickly sensibility is often cherished, which will never leave them from childhood to the grave.

‘When children begin to form ideas, wisdom would teach us to let them enjoy their own reveries—to carefully protect them from all harm, and leave Nature to mould *some* of their young ideas, without the elaborate aid of systematic instruction;—otherwise we shall trifle with the dignity of their intellect. The Book of Nature is open before them—they should read therein; it will be for their improvement and delight. But there is a point in early education, to which we cannot too *earnestly* attend; it is the moral habits of children.—Soon after the mental powers begin to unfold themselves to our view, we discover in them a certain quality or susceptibility which seems to arise from the whole mind—this is termed the moral sense or power—if it be not the root of the tree of spiritual life it must be its principal branch. It is beyond a doubt that this power or susceptibility is in the constitution of the human mind—it may be modified and directed by education, yet this alone could never create a moral sense; but where its culture is neglected, the faculties of the mind often lose their balance—passion usurps the throne of reason, and the judgment becomes weak, vacillating and incorrect.

‘This power or moral sense, call it what we may, demands our first, our last, and our continued attention; for it is the embryo of immortality, to be perfected by the daily practice of virtue and holiness.

‘Parents, and all who guide the young, should improve and direct this power with all possible diligence, that the love of truth, justice and kindness may be ingrafted on the young soul, and its aspirations raised to God, the source of all truth, justice and mercy.’

Is it not a melancholy reflection, that a Seminary for young ladies, so long established, proved to be of such great utility, should be dependent on the life of an individual? Miss Fiske’s health is declining, and when she lays down the burden of life, who will be found ready to assume her duties, and responsibilities?

If female schools were endowed and permanently established, like convents, there might then be found worthy successors, when needed, for such institutions, because ladies of talents would then educate themselves for instructresses—but now, among the Protestants, the task is only assumed from necessity, and usually as an experiment whereby to live. Happy for society, when the experiment is made by such a woman as Miss Fiske. Rarely, however, can we expect to find this union of talents and goodness, and energy, unless there are exertions made by the public to develop and reward such excellences.

M Y F I R S T D U E L .

BY E. T.

"THIS is an awkward affair, Frank."

"Why, yes," said Frank, "it is an awkward affair."

"But I suppose I must go through with it," I continued.

"No doubt," rejoined my friend; "and you may rest assured, that although the anticipation is not very agreeable, you'll find the thing a mere bagatelle when on the ground."

"You'll take care to have every thing ready, and to call betimes; will you Frank?"

"Certainly, my dear Ephraim, rely upon me; and now, as it is already twelve, and we have to go out at six, perhaps I had better wish you good night, that you may rest and have a steady hand in the morning. Before I go, however, there is one thing I wish to mention to you."

"And what is that?" Said I.

"Why," replied Frank, hesitatingly, "it is hardly worth troubling you about; but the fact is, there is a custom—that is, people have on these occasions a sort of habit of making their—their——"

"Their exit I presume you mean?"

"Not so, my dear fellow; nothing was farther from my thoughts, as I hope (with God's will) nothing is farther from fact than the probability of such a catastrophe to the present——"

"Farce; but come, Frank, what is this that you would require of me, or enjoin me to?"

"Briefly, then, Ephraim, might it not be as well now as at any other time, just for form's sake, to scratch down a memorandum of your wishes respecting the disposal of your property?"

"Oh Lord!" said I, "is that the mouse your mountain labored with? My property! God forgive you, Frank! Well, as Tom Moore says——"

"I give thee all; I can no more."

I will bequeath you my debts, with a proviso that you don't pay interest; but seriously, I'll think of what you say; and now good night; and for Heaven's sake be punctual in the morning!"

"Never fear that, Good night," said Frank; "and do you hear, Ephraim? You may take a pint of Maderia, if you have any inclination to it, to-night; but not a drop of port, sherry, or brandy. I must have you placed with a cool head, clear eye, and a steady fist."

"Very well," said I, "I promise you to be observant of your orders;" and after once more exchanging greetings, the door closed, and I was left to myself.

"Well," said I, when I found myself alone, "this is a delightful sort of dilemma to be placed in. If I loved the girl, there would be some satisfaction in standing up to be shot at for her; but to be blazed away at for a wench that I don't care a curse for—to be compelled to fight for mere flirtation—is certainly, at the least, very disagreeable. However, I suppose I must let the fellow have a brush at me, and so there is no more to be said on that head. By."

the-by, Frank hinted (with prophetic foresight, I presume) at the necessity of my disposing in writing of my moveables. *Allons donc*, let me see. First, there is my linen and my clothes; let poor Betty have them, to recompense her in part, for the colds she has caught in letting me in many a morning; the chances are, she'll catch no more on that errand. My coins and medals may be given to C. Then there are my books, and chief of them all, sinner as I am, my Bible, if I dare name it with the purpose of blood upon my mind. I charge you, Frank deliver it yourself to my dear and widowed mother; tell her I revered its precepts, although I lacked the strength of mind that should have made me hold them fast and follow them; and, above all, never, never crush her bowed, and bruised, and lowly spirit with the truth of all the weakness, the folly, the impiety, that will mingle in my end! Tell her I fell by the sword, plague, pestilence, or famine; but tell her not I fell at a task my common sense—my heart—my soul, which owns its divine origin—revolts from;—tell her not I fell as a duellist—Down down my heart! the world must be worshipped. My other books may be divided between——and——and——, except my series of Ana, my Hogarth, and Viel's and Bachaumont's and La Chapelle's and Langle's Journeys, and Bigarrures, reserve them, with my Meerschaaum, to yourself, and over them remember the happy hours that you have spent before with them and him who thanks you now for all your warm-hearted kindnesses. In the drawer of my desk will be found a portrait and some letters; I need not say whose they are, but I entreat you, my dear Frank, I conjure you, to take them into your own hands—to let no other look upon them, and to deliver them to her! Gloss the circumstances of my death, and let the tidings fall gently on her; but tell her, amid all my sins and all my follies, I remembered her, and loved her, and her only, and more earnestly in the last moments of my life than when I held her on my bosom. Tell her——"

I had written thus far when I was interrupted by a tapping at my door, and when I opened it Frank was there.

"Is it time then already?" said I.

"Yes," said he. "I am glad to see you ready. Come, we have few moments to lose."

"The hours have flown with strange rapidity," I said; "but I am prepared. You spoke to me last night of a will; doubtless it was a necessary precaution, and I thank you for the hint. I have attended to it, and have noted down my wishes; here is a memorandum of them, and I confide the execution of them to you; I know you will not refuse the task."

"God forbid," said Frank, taking my hand, "that I should; but God forbid there should be occasion for my offices."

"I also hope, my dear friend," I replied, "that

there may be no such necessity ; but I have a presentiment (and my presentiments have seldom boded me falsely) that this morning's work will be my last."

"Don't say that, Ephraim," said Frank ; " If I thought that—but, good God ! how can I get you out of it ! "

"Out of it !" I exclaimed ; " you mistake me. I cannot prevent my conviction ; but If I saw my grave dug at my feet, I would not retrace the steps I have taken. Come, come, I am ready ; " and taking him by the arm, I drew him from the room, and we quitted the house silently, and in a few minutes were on the ground.

On arriving there, I found that my adversary (whom I had never seen before) was beforehand with us ; he was a tall, raw, gaunt, muscular fellow, with an enormous pair of mustachios, and having altogether very much the appearance of one of Napoleon's old *sabreurs*. We saluted each other coldly, and then turned away, while the seconds retired to settle the preliminaries ; their conference lasted some time, and appeared to bear grievously upon my adversary's patience, for he seemed eager to despatch me.

At last he addressed them, " Gentlemen," he said, " I beg pardon, but I think we may arrange in a breath all that is to be arranged. First, then," he said, speaking to Frank, " do you choose fifteen or twenty paces ! "

Frank unhesitatingly named the latter, out of regard to my safety.

"Bon," said the fellow, as he made a scratch in the turf with his heel, and prepared to take the distance.

I confess I was rejoiced at the thought of his measuring it, for I thought I perceived an omen of salvation in the length of his legs : in this, however, I was disappointed, for the vagabond stepped the ground as mincingly as a lady in pattens.

"And now," when he had finished that part of the business, " and now," said he, with a coolness that matched that of the morning, and bespoke him terribly *au fait* to the business, " whose weapons are we to use ? Your's ! They are only a common holster pair ; mine are rifle-barrelled and hair-triggered, and in every way superior to those machines, what say you to using mine ! they'll make shorter work of the business."

"No doubt," thought I

"What say you, Ephraim," said Frank.

"O, by all means ; what is good for the goose is good for the gander," I answered, with an attempt at a smile ; Frank therefore assented.

"Bon," said the fellow again ! " and now for the first fire ; has any body a piece of money about them ? Oh, here, I have one ; " and he handed it to his second, who flung it up, and the result was in his favor.

Frank then came up to me, and seizing my hand with passionate interest, said to me in a tone of agitation, " Ephraim, my dear boy, be of good cheer ; that bulking blackguard is evidently trying to bully you, but be of good cheer ; let me place you ; you are but a lath, give him your side ; you know it is disputed whether on these occasions it is most prudent to give the front or the side, but let me govern you here ; you are but a lath, give him your side,

and the devil himself can't hit you. God bless you, and keep you ! " And so saying, and again pressing my hand, he withdrew. Immediately after which we placed ourselves, and the next instant the signal was given. As soon as I heard it ; I looked straight at my adversary, and saw him raise his pistol and steady it ; I saw him eye me with the keenness of a hawk and the precision of a master ; it was but the fair half-second, but I knew and was certain he had covered me. The next instant I felt a blow, as it were, on the outside of my right elbow, and a something like ice stealing along the arm as it dropped nerveless and with the weight of lead by my side, and I heard the report of his weapon. I was winged clean as a whistle.

Frank perceived how it was with me, and was by my side in a twinkling, bandaging my arm with the handkerchief he tore from his neck. "Are you faint, Ephraim ? "

"Not at all," I said ; " but make haste, I long for my revenge."

"Is the gentleman hurt ? " inquired my adversary, with a half-stifled sardonic grin.

"Not a whit," said I ; and he bowed.

"Can you give his charge ? " inquired Frank.

"O never fear," I answered ; " Let me have the pistol." He handed it to me ; I grasped it, but I essayed in vain to raise it ; my right arm was more disabled than I had thought.

"Try him with the left," said Frank.

I did so, but found the pistol far heavier than I had conceived, and much heavier than I knew my own to be ; it was impossible to level it with my left. I looked at my adversary and saw his features relax into a damnable Mephistophelic grin. I maddened with unspeakable rage. "Hell and the devil !" I exclaimed, " is there no having a slap at the long-legged rascal ? "

"I fear not," said Frank ; "but," he added, with affectionate warmth, " stand back, and I'll fight his second for you."

"That's out of the question," I replied ; " let me try my left again." I did so, and felt convinced the pistol was more than usually heavy. I held it by the barrel, and then I felt assured the butt was plugged heavily with lead. The thought of treachery immediately came across me. The first fire won at his own call on the toss of a florin from his own purse probably, and a piece contrived for these occasions, with the same impression on both sides. My right arm shattered certainly by aim, and his pistol of a weight that prevented all possibility of its being levelled with the left hand ; all concurred to assure me I was the victim of a scoundrel.

"But it shall not go thus," I said, as I thrust Frank on one side, and advanced towards the villain with the cool purpose of blowing his brains out ; " it shall not go thus ? " And as I heard him, I poised the butt of the pistol with my left hand against my chest, and put my finger on the trigger to draw in his face. Fortunately, Frank, who was ignorant of my suspicions, closed on me at the very critical instant, and wrenched the weapon from my grasp, exclaiming, at the same time, "Would you commit murder,

"With pleasure," I answered, " upon such a murderous villain as this ! " But he was now secure from my fire, and seeing himself so, and safe

in his superior physical strength, he sneered at me with such mean demoniacal insult, that unable to withhold myself any longer, I rushed on him and grappled with him ; but I was weak from pain and loss of blood, and I fainted.

Suddenly I was aroused by some one shaking me violently. I looked up ; it was Frank. " Up, up, man," he cried,

" Up," I said " for what ?"

" For what," he replied, " to save my character and your own, if you have any care about either. Why, it wants but a quarter of six, and at six we must be on the ground."

" What, have not I been shot then ?" I said.

" Shot !" he exclaimed. " who the devil has been here to shoot you ? Why you have been dreaming."

It was true ; I had drawn my table to my bed-side to make my will, and had fallen back asleep, and dreamed what I have related.

" Then I suppose I must be shot again ?"

" There's little fear of that, thank Heaven," said Frank, " for I have just learnt that your adversary, in alarm at your prowess, has bolted."

" Indeed," said I, as coolly as I could ; but inwardly thanking God heartily for my deliverance from jeopardy.

" Yes," continued Frank, " so it is ; but come, we must take our ground, and give the vagabond an hour's law."

" With all my heart," said I ; and in five minutes I was dressed and on my way to the spot, with a lighted cheroot in my mouth, and truth to say, *entre nous*, a lighter heart under my waistcoat than I think I should else have carried to the field.

On the ground we found Captain M., the fellow's second, who informed us he understood his principal had taken flight, and vowed summary vengeance on him when and wherever he should meet him, for the insult offered him by his pusillanimous conduct. To be brief, we waited one hour, and my antagonist did not appear. Frank thus addressed himself to his second :—

" Captain M.," he said, " you will do my friend the justice to say he has behaved as becomes a brave and a honorable man ?"

" Most certainly," said the Captain ; and we quitted the ground, and I proceeded to post the recreant : after which the Captain, Frank, and I together took steaks and claret for breakfast. And thus ended " the first duel" of a half-bearded boy.
